THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVI
No. 1776

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FEB. 3
1934

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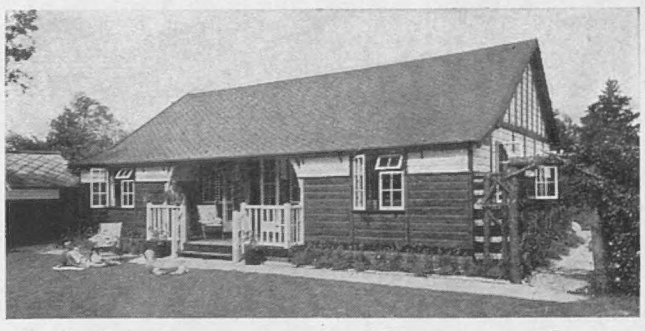

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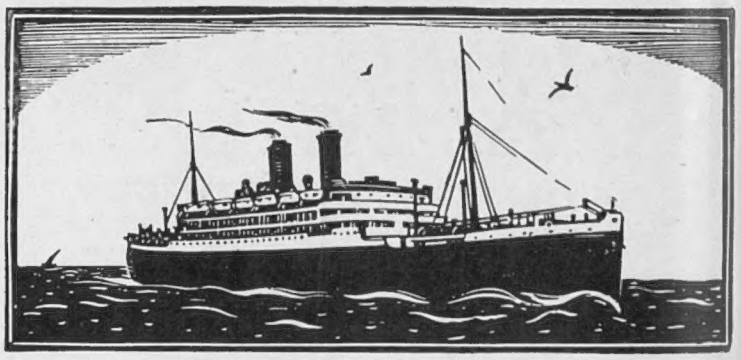

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Volume CXXXVI No. 1776

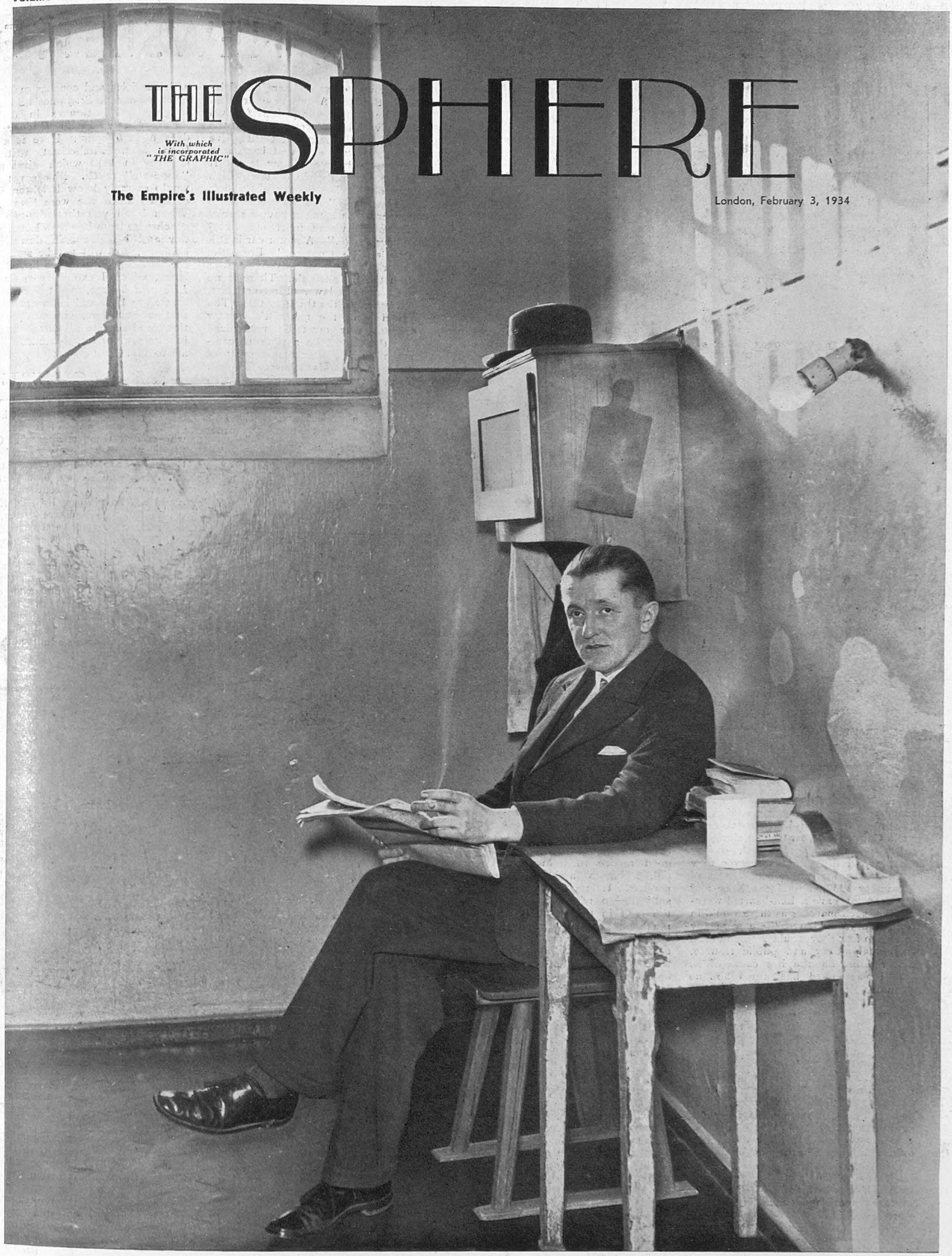


THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, February 3, 1934



# THE ACQUITTED PRISONER

## Herr Ernst Torgler Reading in His Cell at the Plotzensee Prison

Since February of last year, when the Reichstag building was set on fire in twenty places and General Goering ordered the arrest of five men in connection with the crime, Herr Ernst Torgler, one-time German Communist leader, has been kept in close confinement. In spite of a hostile court, which appeared determined to find someone on whom to place the blame, he was finally acquitted, only to be returned once more to prison under what was termed "protective custody." Torgler has faced untold hardships with stoic calm; in court he comported himself with dignity and admirable restraint, yet to-day, innocent of the crime of which he was accused, he appears to be as far away from freedom as he was nine months ago. Dimitroff and his fellow Bulgarians, who were acquitted at the same time, are in like plight, and, as we go to press, there are still no indications as to when they will be released. Meanwhile the extraordinary attitude of the German Government has aroused world-wide comment

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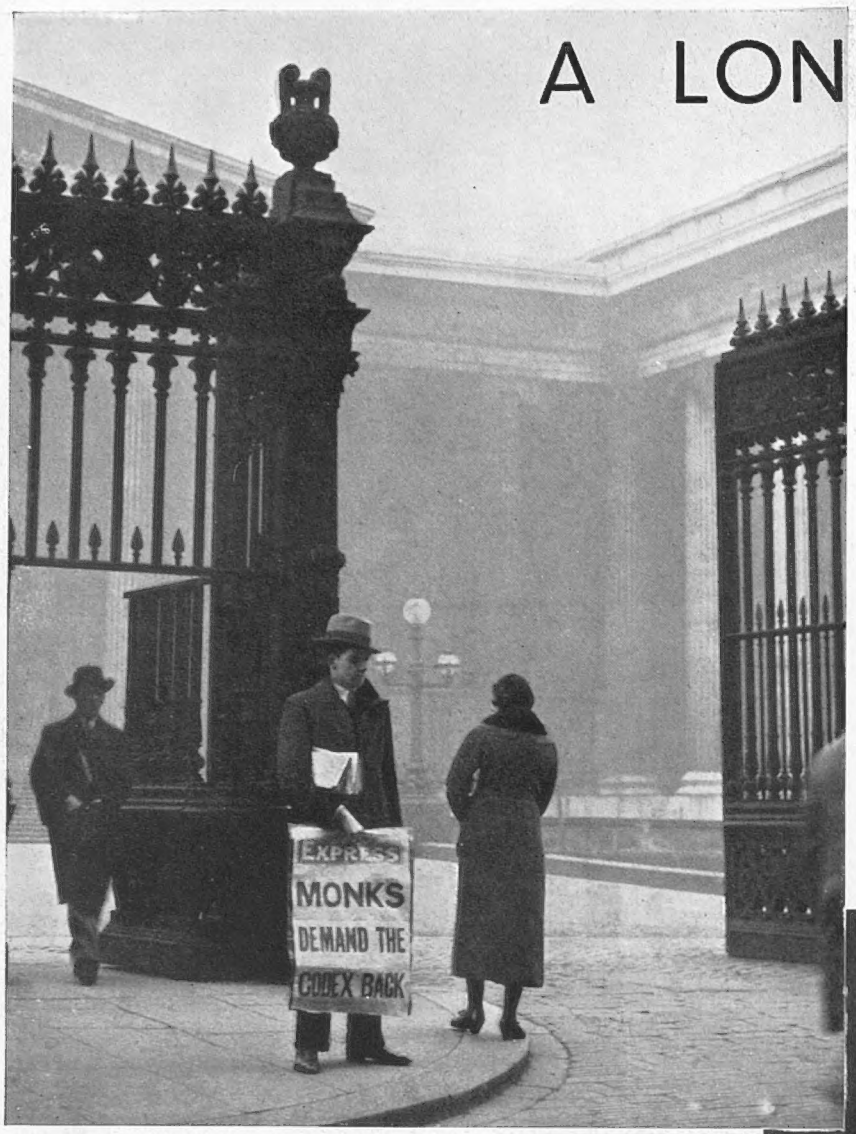
# A LONDON NEWSLETTER




SEEN OUTSIDE THE BRITISH MUSEUM: Another stage in the great Codex Sinaiticus controversy. (An article on the Codex will be found on p. 176)

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 31, 1934.

## A TRAGIC MARCH.—

Another tragic hunger march on London has started, and from now on to February 25 we may picture strings of unemployed men with a percentage of rabid Communists, strung out along the roads leading to the capital, sowing trouble and discontent wherever they pass. After the tragic occurrences of December 1932, the Home Office and Government gave a half-hearted warning that such marches as these would in future be forbidden if there were any reason to fear they would result in such individual misery and public trouble. But nothing definite has come of it. The Home Office has issued oblique warnings and no more, and has once more surrendered to the hollow theory that Englishmen are in a totally different category from the rest of civilization, and must be left free to say, to do, and to decide for themselves whatever suits their individual inclinations for the moment, no matter what trouble and tragedy such words and actions and decisions may inflict on the community as a whole, or on individuals concerned or not concerned in the movement. It is a heavy responsibility which falls on the authorities (for it is no use fastening any responsibility on the political leaders who are thus exploiting distressed humanity for party ends. These leaders do not know the meaning of the word responsibility). For Englishmen, in common with other nations, are far from "free." They are everywhere in chains; they are thralls to bureaucracy; slaves to conventions; at the mercy of tyrants of all kinds, Press-bosses, union leaders, spies, and informers in their own back streets. It is only when a Government cannot quite make a decision to act firmly that it pulls out this slogan of "individual freedom for the Briton to think, to speak, and to act," and with it waves aside the necessity for firm action or clear decision. However, let us hope that the official announcement which makes it clear that marchers will not be qualified to draw the dole may induce the less feckless to return to their homes and families.

## ROAD MURDER—THE ISSUE AND SIDE ISSUES.—

The public outcry against road murder is having its effect. The Ministry of Transport has confessed its anxiety and continues to advertise its activity in exploring avenues. And good advice rolls in from public bodies and private persons. It is one of those subjects—so rare—on which the man in the street is as much an expert as the man in the Cabinet or in the official chair. Every one of us can claim a life's experience to back his theories. It is very unfortunate that the A.A. and the R.A.C. could not make joint recommendations. The divergent ideas of these two motorist organizations simply confuse the issue. Broadly, of course, they agree on one point; they agree in recommending nothing that will discourage the growth of motoring, or further embarrass the motorist by elaborate restrictions and regulations. But the R.A.C., unlike the A.A., boldly advocates a campaign to enforce the existing laws against careless driving. What are these two recommendations worth? Little enough, I should say. The A.A. mildly proposes education for road users. We have been going full blast for years with "safety first" propaganda, and the results are negligible. It recommends better road surfaces! What have those millions spent on new roads accomplished but to encourage motorists to drive faster? The R.A.C. is rather less lighthearted, if no more original. What we can confidently look to have accomplished so far is recognition of two principles:—First: Magistrates will be shortly conceded their wish, to suspend licences for proved cases of *careless* driving. Second: A system of marked crossing places for pedestrians will be universally enforced. But at the end of it all, the pundits still shelve the real issue, and that issue is a cardinal principle of our law. It is the old principle of law which governed the leading case of Rylands v. Fletcher. "Those who employ a dangerous instrument have a special responsibility and must use extraordinary care." A motor car is still such an "instrument." Ergo, the motorist's responsibility is greater than the pedestrian's. There is no need for more laws. First and last, the kernel of the thing is this: The principle of the motorist's greater responsibility must be recognized *and* there must be a rigorous campaign by a greater employment of police road patrols to detect offenders. The magistrates can be safely trusted to put the law into execution, once they are conceded the right to suspend licences on the lesser charge. This is the trunk of the tree; any other proposals are mere twigs.

## ROAD SPEED A CENTURY AGO.—

The other day, before the Authors' Club, a speaker gave the impression that a hundred years ago the journey down to Brighton from London was a matter of days, not of hours. Needless to say, this remark, before what should be an expert audience, was seized upon and trounced. When the Pavilion had made Brighton fashionable more than a century ago, the Brighton road was daily thronged with curricles and coaches making the journey between St. James's Street and Brighton Old Square in 6 hours. "Buck" Tregellis in *Rodney Stone* does it in 5 hours. Here is a letter from Mrs. Fitzherbert written to Creevey in 1819 which gives a very "modern" touch. She says: "You would scarcely know Brighton, it is so enlarged since you were here . . . When I tell you that fifty-two public coaches go from hence to London every day and bring people down for six shillings, you will not be surprised at the sort of company we have." This letter, which I extract from *Creevey's Life and Times*, might belong to 1919 as well as 1819 and is an apt reminder that our ancestors, with all their limitations and despite all our boasts, were infinitely more travel-minded than we are to-day.

## THE BLACKSHIRTS INCREASE.—

Remus was given very little time in which to exploit his joke about the mud walls of Rome. Those who coined the jest about Sir Oswald Mosley "and his party following in a taxi-cab" are in like case. It seems only yesterday that the blackshirts were a devoted band of enthusiasts who could not have formed a majority in a theatre queue. To-day it is very different. At Birmingham last week they gave a rather startling glimpse of their new consequence and strength and drove the rival elements off the field, and it must be admitted that their enthusiasm is catching and that the young are susceptible to the infection. If you come to think of it, the Fascist movement in this country is bound to grow. Why should we be exempt? The thing is in the air we breathe and our youth is not so different from the youth of Germany or Italy. Mosley is bound to have a show of some kind, probably quite a splash, and that soon—with or without Press backing. For, if you think again, Hitler's movement from start to present full speed ahead has been but the twinkling of an eye. Yesterday he was an obscure and rather comic ranter and actor with a Charlie Chaplin moustache. To-day he has a

"AS LIGHT AS FILM": Miss Anne Gilmour leaving for her wedding to Mr. Eustace John Mordaunt at St. Michael's, Chester Square, last week. She wore a medieval dress of ivory ring velvet and a lace veil held in place by a pearl tiara

A VISIT TO THE TA
LEEDS: Mr. E. wi
M.P. (Secretary to Tr
tro

nasty way of making Europe look foolish or frightened, while he holds under his thumb and sway a huge and truculent nation and commands their hearts to beat as one. Mosley is an actor, too, with characteristics of manner and appearance which lend themselves to the caricaturist's pencil and the jester's tongue. So, for that matter, Mussolini. And the youth of each country to-day is tinder for their sparks and fireworks. A coloured shirt of some kind is the fashion of the day. Some colours alter history. But not all.

## CLOSE TIME.

— Another shooting season is over. *Pereunt et imputantur*. The last wily cocks have met their Waterloo, or skulked away to fly another season, and the Colonels Hawker all over the country are adding up totals, counting the costs, and laying up their weapons in oil against August 1, 1934. The gunmakers are getting busy with those warning circulars which tell of the dangers which will result if guns are not swiftly sent in to them for stripping and decarbonizing from the rust of a very far from rust-breeding year, at the nominal charge of £2 2s. Some do and some do not annually respond to these invitations. It is my advice, to those who intend to do so, to endeavour to see for themselves, as an experience, the condition of their weapons when stripped and to insist on the return of those weapons within three weeks. For it is my belief that guns are as safely stored at home as in the workshops of gunmakers. It has been, on the whole, a notable and successful season. Wonderful for pheasants, especially the wild birds, wonderful for Scottish partridges and better than of late for English, patchy to good for grouse, mysteriously disappointing for woodcock all over these islands. Locally, a record year for wood pigeons. As for the weather, it has smiled on gunmen all through the season as seldom before.

TAGUE BURTON CLOTHING FACTORY AT witz (director), Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, Treasury), and Sir Ben Turner seen during round of inspection

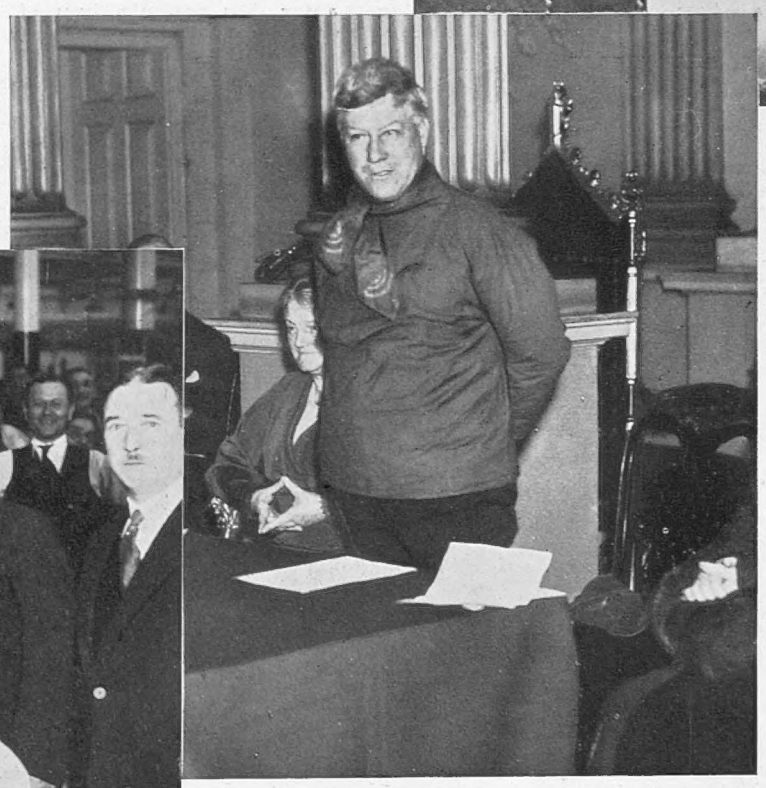
## THE LADIES' RACE.—

Last week I referred to Lord Rosebery's statesmanlike counsel regarding the National Hunt control of point-to-point meetings. He has since declared his belief that the aversion of hunting men from this N.H. control is due, among other fears, to the fear that ladies' races at these meetings will be abolished. It is an alteration which I for one would be glad to see accomplished. I am not a Victorian as far as the emancipation of women is concerned. I do not subscribe to Queen Victoria's opinions of the proper functions of her sex. Women in all conscience are to-day sufficiently emancipated to be able in their strength to show some mercy for their charms. And I can cite no more glaring instance of the lack of reticence and romance in "this England" of ours than is afforded by the "ladies' race" at the average point-to-point meeting. You watch these hard-bitten matrons and hard-boiled virgins in the enclosure saddling up, and swiftly repair, if you have a heart of triple bronze, to the "key" fence to watch the field negotiating it. Here, if you seek for lurid experience, you will hear language so purple as to draw reluctant admiration from the least restrained of bargees. Here you will observe the educated mothers and potential mothers of our race at their least romantic and in my view at their least attractive, bumping and boring, cursing and jostling one another over knee-high fences, in a futile determination (since they have proved their worth in the hunting field) to quit themselves like men, and in no doubt that they (far more than the men) are making a Roman holiday for the crowd of alien sensation hunters. Give me Miss Glitters every time. I think Surtees would have said ditto.

## ANGLICAN MONKS.—

Here is a truth which must strike many quite well-informed people with surprise: "Considerably more men and women are living under religious vows in England to-day than at the time of the Reformation." It is only at first blush, no doubt, that the statement startles one. The activities of Henry VIII remained a potent fact until Dr. Pusey began to undo his work in the 1840's.

CRITICAL INTEREST: Princess Elizabeth and the Duchess of York at the Olympia circus



CAPTAIN H. W. THORPE, Master of the First-Aid Mission Ship, *Sir William Archibald*, addressing last week's meeting of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen at the Mansion House

CHESHIRE SPORT: Beaters moving off for the start of the Duke of Westminster's shoot at Churton

Since the foundation of the first Anglican sisterhood by Pusey in 1845, the revival of religious houses for religious orders of men and women has steadily increased, and the time has now come for Convocation to recognize the truth I have quoted and to regularize the relations between the religious communities and the episcopate, and generally to bring into line and regulate as far as possible the communities themselves. It is high time; for not only are some of these communities extremely independent and intolerant of authority (while exerting a powerful local influence for good), but members of such communities are now established in leading positions in the Church. Thus, Dr. Frere, the first monk to become an English bishop since the Reformation, has carried to the bishop's residence at Truro the rules of the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield. He wears the habit of the Order and, as is the rule of the community, still takes his turn in carrying out the ordinary domestic labours of a house, such as making his bed and so on. The Community of the Resurrection was founded in 1880 by Bishop Gore. In a conjunction of ideas with Westcott and Scott Holland, he formed the view that in an age of increasing scepticism religion could only remain a live force if Christianity were applied practically to social life, and a new order of priests, devoted to a life of poverty, chastity, and religion, could emerge and mingle in the activities of the Church. From these ideas developed first the Christian Social Union, and next, while he was at Pusey House, the Community of the Resurrection. The influence of such communities has gradually and largely increased, and to-day their existence and activities are not only of peculiar interest but of the greatest import to social historians and in our social life.

## 'VARSITIES AND COMMERCE.

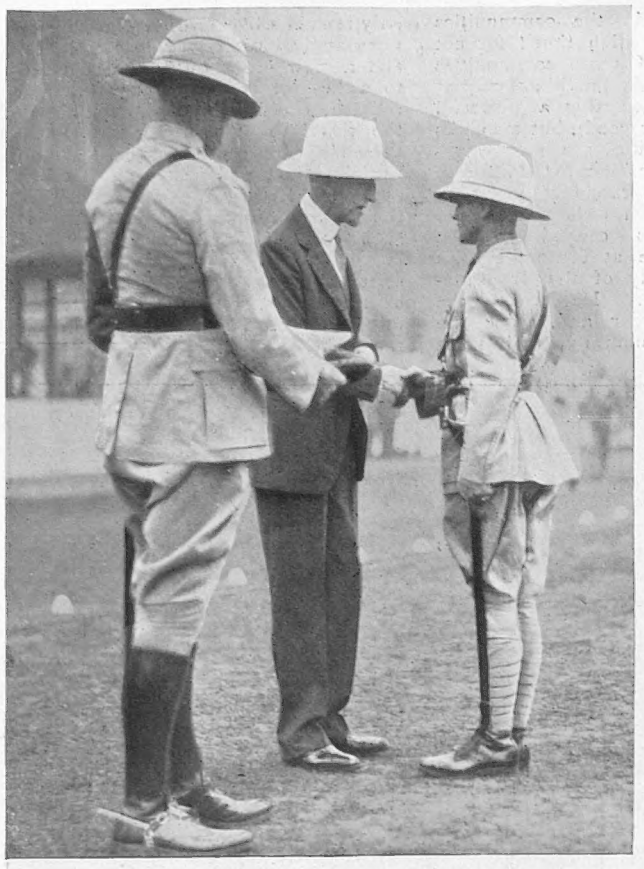
—I was surprised by Mr. Runciman's complaint at Manchester last week that promising young 'Varsity men do not care to go into commerce. I had no idea there could be any substance in it. Indeed, I thought it was the other way about and that the learned professions were losing some of the best recruits from the Universities owing to the greater possibilities offered by commerce. I can think of, perhaps, a dozen young men of my acquaintance, whose abilities would have ensured success at the Bar or in the Civil Service, who have chosen the harder way of commerce with its promise of more rapid attainment of a marrying competence and of ultimate independence. The Cambridge Appointments Board after the War earned a great reputation for its live liaison with business employers and the Oxford organization was not long far behind. I find it almost impossible to believe Mr. Runciman's implication that the head of a commercial organization, offering a fair deal to a promising undergraduate on the books of the Appointments Board, will have his offer turned down. On the contrary, his offer would be received with expressions of thankfulness and half-a-dozen admirably promising youths would be ready for interviewing forthwith. Ask the Appointments Board. Ask dozens of graduates with good degrees who are pining for such an offer.

## COURAGE, MADAME. . . .—

The eighth French Cabinet, loosely gummed together, fell to pieces with a fine clatter during the week-end. We have grown to accept with a shrug of the shoulders these sounds of disturbance from Paris. We merely say, "Only another French Cabinet fallen to pieces," and we mildly speculate whether it will fall to Herriot, Daladier, Tardieu, Laval, Boncour, or Sarraut to try his hand again. The components of these innumerable pieces of shoddy furniture are invariably the same; the bits of matchboarding are interchangeable (or so regarded by the carpenters), and that is all. Six times out of eight the causes for collapse of the French Cabinet are entirely trivial. But the Stavisky scandal, which has involved so many in high places, is grave enough to bring to ruin a Cabinet composed of elements stronger than well-worn matchboarding and thin gum. Chautemps at least achieved something which simply had to be done. The political farce of French politics was held up to allow the fabric of the Comédie Française to be shored up. Now once more it is playing to an enthusiastic house. The portfolios are in the act of being swopped round. It is Daladier's turn again. Courage, Madame, *j'entends* . . .

THE OLD STAGER

# A PICTORIAL SURVEY

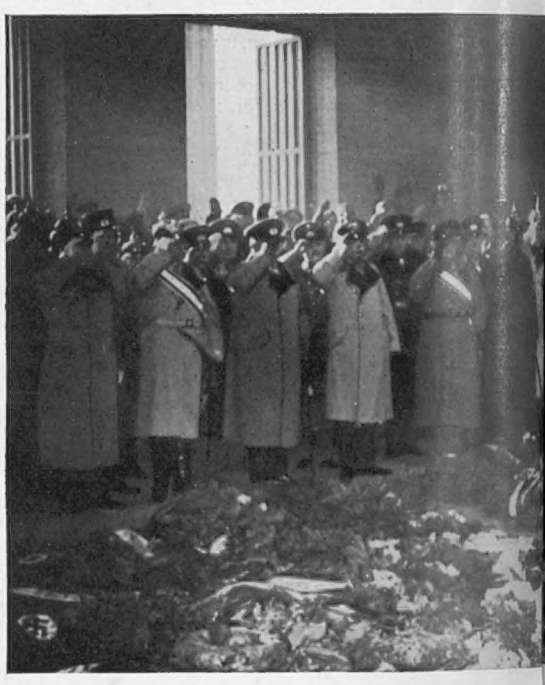


THE VICEROY OF INDIA congratulating Mr. C. O. Smith, the Inspector of Police at Midnapore, after the latter had received the King's Police Medal for bravery

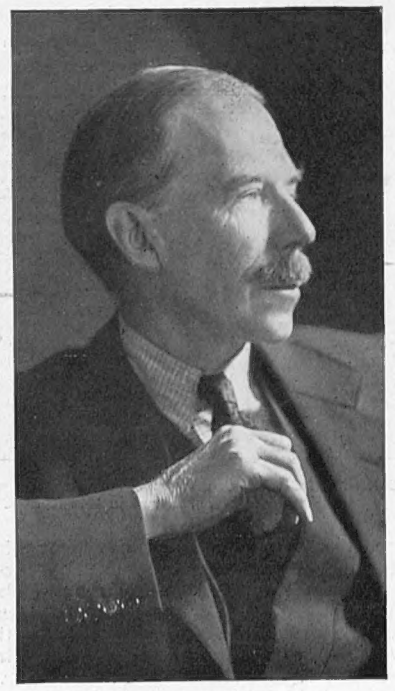
CARDINAL WOLSEY'S BELL, which has just been restored, was returned to Sherborne, Dorset, a few days ago. The boys of Sherborne School towed it from the station to the famous Abbey Church

STREET RIOTS IN PARIS follo
Great bonfires were lig
This newspaper kiosk

MR. JACOB GOODMAN, who has been "on the door" of the Trocadero, Shaftesbury Avenue, for the past twenty-nine years, was presented by West End taxi drivers with a gold-mounted umbrella on the occasion of his retirement



LAYING WREATHS ON THE TOMB OF FREDERICK THE G
ruler. Frederick was born in Berlin on January 24,
unprecedented strength. All monarchist societies in Ger



THREE NEW ASSOCIATE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: *Left*—Mr. Charles Wheeler, the sculptor, at work on a head of Sir Herbert Baker. *Centre*—Mr. Stanley Anderson being congratulated on his election. *Right*—Mr. Charles M. Gere, of Painswick, Glos.—a surprise appointment

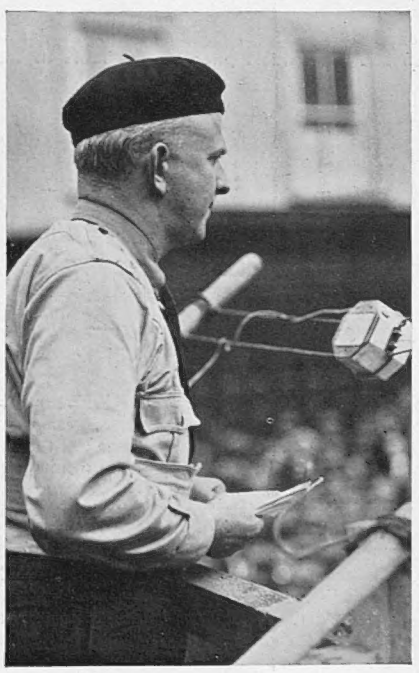
PERSONALITIES IN THE KING'S BENCH SLA
*Right*—Miss Dallas Burt-White and her bro

# OF CURRENT NEWS

he fall of the French Government, which finally collapsed as a result of the Stavisky scandal. n the boulevards and traffic was brought to a standstill by the erection of a series of barricades. et alight by an angry crowd which assembled on Saturday evening in the Place de l'Opéra

THE RIGHT HON. WALTER ELLIOT, Minister for Agriculture, and his fiancee, Miss Katharine Tennant, the second daughter of Mrs. Geoffrey Lubbock and the late Sir Charles Tennant

on the anniversary of the birth of the famous and during his reign raised the German army to have just been banned by General Goering



ADDRESSING HIS SUPPORTERS: General O'Duffy, leader of the United Irish Party, at a meeting at Skibbereen

A COSMOPOLITAN CARD GAME: A German, a Frenchman, and an Irishman took part in this game of skat during an interval in the recent International Riding Tournament in Berlin

ACTION: *Left*—Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bevir. he was sued by Mr. Bevir who has been awarded damages

HERR FURTWANGLER conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra at the first of his three London concerts at the Queen's Hall

MR. W. L. STEPHENSON reading the company report at the twenty-fifth annual general meeting of F. W. Woolworth and Co., Ltd., to the satisfied shareholders

WHERE CRICKETERS MUST UNDERSTAND THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE: Colonel H. J. Huxford, O.B.E., of the Gurkha Rifles, scoring during a match on the Chittagong cricket ground. Note the revolvers of the batsmen and the fielders piled on the table in case of emergency

# LIFE IN INDIA

## How Divine Discontent Disturbs the Serenity of Cricket at Chittagong

Revolvers at a cricket match appear somewhat out of place, at any rate to the stay-at-home Briton. There are, perhaps, some Australians who would question this statement, and, in the light of the recent outrage at Chittagong, it seems that the game in India is also, at times, played in somewhat disturbing conditions. As the above remarkable picture shows, those taking part in cricket matches at Chittagong usually carry their revolvers and, when they go out to field or bat, take the precaution of piling them on the scoring table in case of emergency. After a match the other day an emergency did arise, and, but for the fact that the terrorists' bombs failed to explode, there is no doubt that there would have been heavy casualties. This is the story as told by an eye-witness, who later reported the incident to *The Statesman*, the well-known Indian newspaper :—

"The cricket finished about 5.30, and the players and spectators, including at least half a dozen women and a small child, were as usual collected in and around the tent chatting and having refreshments before leaving. There were servants about the place, and below the hill and on the road in front cars were parked, and syces and drivers stood by them.

"The District Superintendent of Police, Mr. Cleary, left as soon as the match was finished, taking a friend to the Chittagong Club. Meanwhile, four men dressed like coolies were approaching through the trees behind the cricket club hill, rather towards the left-hand end of it, presumably with the idea of creeping up towards the tent under cover of the back of the bungalow and making a joint attack on the people round the tent with revolvers and bombs. Fortunately, however, just before they were in position Mr. Cleary came back in his car and noticed two of them by the road behind the bungalow. His suspicions aroused, he had them seized by his orderlies. One of them, however, managed to throw a bomb first and was shot, while the other was secured as he made off. Mr. Cleary was wounded in the hand by his orderly's shot.

"While this was happening, two other attackers had got across to the left-hand end of the hill and were working towards the tent on the cricket-ground side of the bungalow. When the people in the tent heard the bomb explosion, followed by shooting, a number of them rushed down the hill towards where the noise had occurred, others stayed where they were until two bombs landed on the space between the tent and the bungalow. This was followed by the appearance of a man with a revolver coming from the cricket-ground side of the bungalow. Neither of the bombs exploded, but at sight of them rolling towards them the crowd scattered over the right-hand edge of the hill.

"The terrorist followed them and kept on firing, but as he passed the tent, Major Brett, who had remained inside, jumped out and, after a struggle, overpowered him.

"The fourth terrorist, who had been coming up the hill on the cricket-ground side, tried to escape towards the cars but was tripped up and secured.

"Everything lasted only three minutes, but though the attempt at murder was completely unsuccessful from the terrorists' point of view it might easily have been otherwise but for two pieces of luck. One was the return of Mr. Cleary at the exact time for which the outrage had apparently been planned. Had he been a moment or two earlier he might not have seen the men or, later, the attack would have already taken place. As it was he prevented concerted action and caused them to use up one of their good bombs. The second piece of luck was, of course, the failure of the two successive bombs to go off within about ten yards of the people by the tent. If one of them had exploded many people must have been hit.

"The fact that several men as they ran down the hill around the bungalow to get to the place where the first bomb had exploded passed close to the two terrorists as they were coming up to attack the people on the hill and took no notice of them, thinking they were *malis*, shows how difficult it is to guard such a place effectively."

THE CHITTAGONG CRICKET GROUND, where the recent terrorist outrage took place

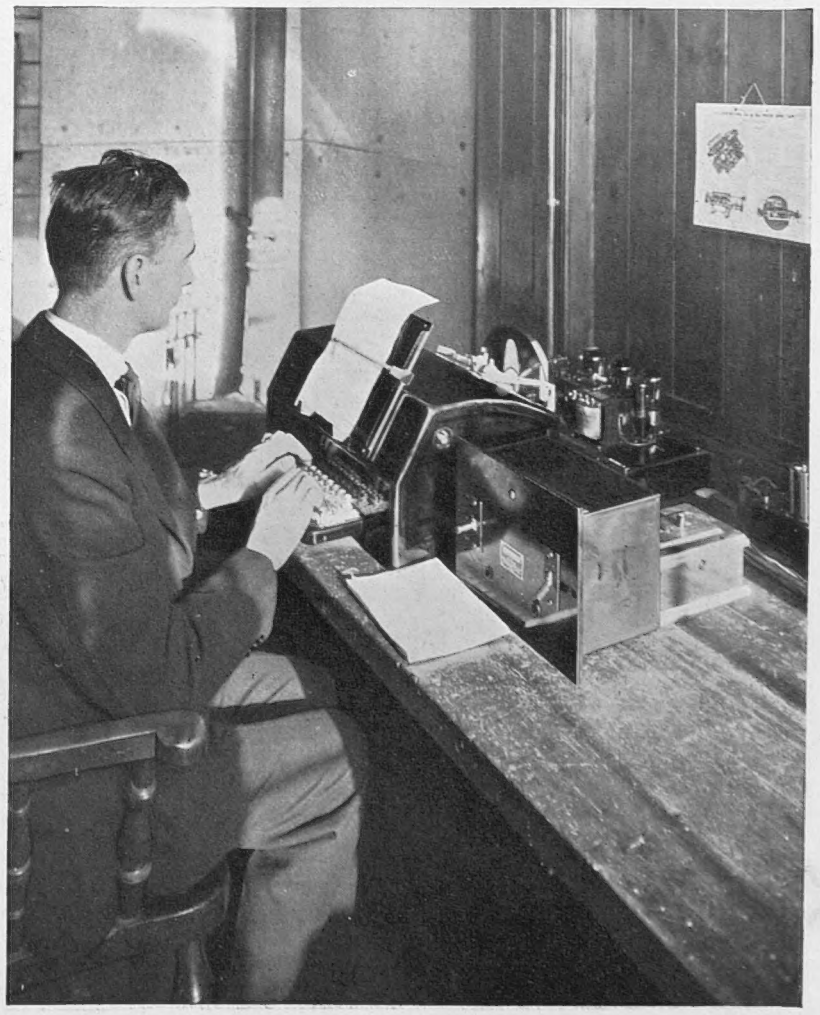
# SIR PHILIP SASSOON INAUGURATES THE FIRST COMMERCIAL "MICRO-RAY" RADIO SERVICE AT LYMPNE

AT LYMPNE AIRPORT: The beam reflector on the new micro-ray installation which transmits messages to St. Inglevert, France, over the shortest commercial wavelength ever employed. The new service will be of great assistance to civil aircraft crossing the Channel, and particularly to privately owned aeroplanes which are not fitted with radio apparatus and, in consequence, are unable to summon assistance in the event of a forced descent. Pilots are advised to circle Lympne before crossing the Channel. If they do not appear on the French side within a reasonable time, the news is immediately conveyed to Lympne over the micro-ray radio service and a search for the missing 'plane can then be made without loss of time. Signals transmitted by the Standard Micro-ray system are carried to a device known as a "micro-radion valve," in which are generated waves oscillating at the rate of 700,000,000 times a second. These micro-rays, as they are called, are led to a transmitting aerial less than an inch long, and are concentrated by two ingenious reflectors into a fine pencil of invisible rays directed towards the receiving station at St. Inglevert. As the rays travel in a straight line, they can be picked up only by a suitable receiver lying directly in their path

THE UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR inspecting the circular reflectors which concentrate the micro-ray into a narrow beam. There are two of these reflector towers at Lympne and transmitting and receiving instruments are kept permanently focused on one another

INAUGURAL GREETINGS: Sir Philip Sassoon speaking from Lympne over the micro-ray telephone service. He was greeted from St. Inglevert by M. Delesalle, French Under-Secretary of State for Air

**The Uses of Micro-Rays.**—The commercialization of the micro-ray system is regarded as an immense step forward in radio technique, as it opens an entirely new field for development. The overcrowding of the ether has seriously handicapped radio communication on the normal wavelengths, but on the Lilliputian wavelengths used for micro-rays there is ample room for the simultaneous operation of an almost unlimited number of transmitters and receivers without any sort of interference with one another. It is claimed that television, the commercial development of which has so far been restricted by the fact that it needs such a wide waveband for satisfactory operation, will now have an opportunity to go ahead in what may be called the "micro-metric" waveband, without interfering with any other forms of radio communication



THE CREED TELEPRINTER which is being used on the new Lympne-St Inglevert radio link. Each of these ingenious machines has a keyboard resembling that on a typewriter, and a message typed on a machine at Lympne is immediately and automatically printed on a paper roll running through the machine at St. Inglevert. This, of course, avoids any possibility of error through a misunderstanding of the spoken word

# IN THE WAKE OF THE INDIAN EARTHQUAKE

THE TRAIL OF DEATH AND DISASTER: A view of the devastated town of Monghyr, Northern Bihar, where nearly all the smaller houses were razed to the ground. Several white people lost their lives here, and the total casualties run into hundreds. A great fire followed the earthquake. The two pictures on this page, which arrived this week by mail 'plane, are representative of the general disaster that has befallen many towns and villages in Nepal, Bihar and Orissa

THE TOBACCO FACTORY AT MONGHYR AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE: Another scene showing the extent of the destruction in Northern India. At Muzaffarpur over 1,000 people were killed; at Patna 4,000 dwellings were damaged or destroyed; at the little railway junction of Jamalpur nearly all the houses were rendered uninhabitable; and in Katmandu, where the shock was probably felt with greatest intensity, the Royal Palace is said to have been severely damaged. The situation has been partly relieved by the prompt measures taken by voluntary workers

# STRANGE PLAYMATES IN THE ARCTIC

## The Baby Polar Bear and the Sledge Dog Make Friends

This entertaining picture was taken during a recent expedition to Franz-Josef Land, when twenty men and one woman spent a year in the archipelago, during which time valuable meteorological data were obtained. The expedition had a thrilling experience when it succeeded in establishing wireless contact with Berlin and several members of the party were able to speak with their families. Franz-Josef Land is about 600 miles from the North Pole and, owing to the open water round its shores in summer and the comparative abundance of animal life, is regarded as an excellent base for Arctic exploration

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# THE QUESTION of the ADEN FRONTIER

THE WALLED VILLAGE OF MASAGIT: A typical stronghold in the territory of the Sultan of Lahej, Aden Protectorate. The Imam Yehia—who rules with autocratic sway over the Yemen—is at present in dispute with Britain over the boundaries between his territory and the Protectorate

RELICS OF A PAST CIVILIZATION IN THE ADEN PROTECTORATE: Such massive stonework as this is not erected by the Arabs to-day. It probably dates back over 1,500 years. Even now comparatively little is known about the early history of this region

MAKALLA, the largest town on the Hadhramaut coast, Southern Arabia. The strip of fertile land between the sea and the barren mountains is so narrow that the Arab builders have been obliged to make many of their houses between five and ten storeys high. Note the three defensive blockhouses on the lower range of hills in the background

ADEN: An unusual view of the old city which stands in the crater of an extinct volcano. It is a natural fortress which additional fortifications have rendered almost impregnable

A MOSQUE AT SHEHER ON THE HADHRAMAUT COAST: The Arabs in this region have attained to a higher cultural level than those in any other part of Southern Arabia. Many have grown wealthy as a result of their trading activities in Java and the Malay

## The British Political Resident at Aden Visits the Autocratic Ruler of the Yemen

Lieut.-Colonel B. R. Reilly, the Chief Commissioner and Resident, left Aden on January 15 to pay an official visit to the Zaidi Imam of the Yemen in his capital at Sanaa. For a long time relations between the British Government and this important independent Arab State have been far from satisfactory, and the fact that the G.O.C. from Aden is going on a mission to the Imam Yehia is considered to be of first-rate importance.

The principal subject for discussion was the demarcation of the boundary between the Aden Protectorate and the Yemen. Difficulties in connection with this boundary have, ever since the Imam became ruler after the withdrawal of the Turks in 1918, become a source of friction. The situation, moreover, has not been simplified by the not infrequent incursions into Protectorate territory and the taking of hostages by men from over the border, which have led to punitive expeditions from Aden. In addition, the task of British officials who have endeavoured to reach an amicable settlement has undoubtedly been complicated by the Imam's consistent but fantastic demand for the control of the port of Aden itself.

The Aden Protectorate comprises an area of about 42,000 sq. miles drawn in a rough semi-circle around the port of Aden and, in addition, a strip of coastland running eastwards as far as the boundary with Oman. The country, which is almost entirely desert, is interspersed with occasional oases. Culture in these parts is consequently of a low order, for the mere struggle to survive is too keen to allow of that degree of luxury which is essential before civilization can flourish.

The British Government exercises no control whatever over the internal affairs of the tribes which inhabit the Protectorate. It is by means of alliances and treaties that the loyalty of the chiefs to the Crown is assured, and relations with the Zaidi Imam controlled. In this way the security of Aden is guaranteed at a cost which is far below that which would be required if the British authorities were to govern the whole area closely.

If the present mission has succeeded in delineating, once for all, the boundary between the two States, a long-standing dispute will have been ended to the mutual benefit of both parties. One cannot help wondering, in considering this question, to what extent the friction which is believed to exist between the Imam and his northern neighbour, Ibn Saud, King of Saudia, is responsible for the conciliatory attitude which has apparently preceded Colonel Reilly's official visit. The news of the successful culmination of the negotiations will be awaited with the greatest interest in this country, not only by politicians but also by business men with an eye open for new markets. For too long British exporters have suffered from this quarrel, which has resulted in concessions being obtained by Russian and other foreign delegations.

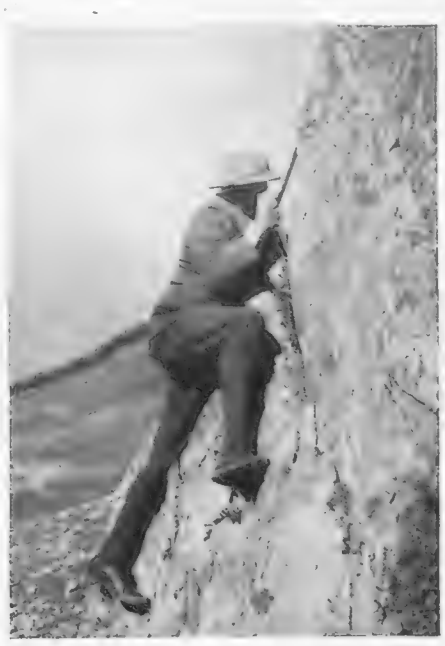
# PICTURES from "SPHERE" READERS

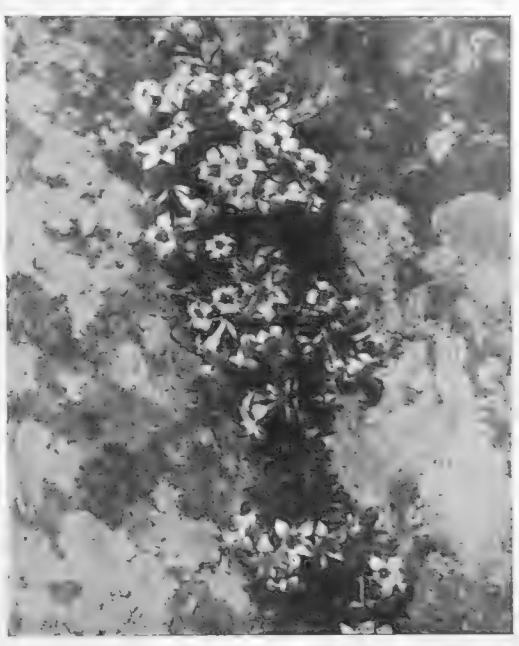
A MUHAMMADAN WOMAN OF BOSNIA, YUGOSLAVIA, wearing the unique type of cloak and veil which are still adopted in this part of the country by those who observe the faith strictly. With the gradual Westernization of Turkey, Bosnia remains to-day the stronghold of the veil, there being no interference with the religious life of the Muhammadan community. These cloaks are a comparatively rare sight, as most of the women prefer to veil themselves in a lighter and less overpoweringly hot material. [At the present time in Yugoslavia, the State officially recognizes the Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholic, Protestant, Muhammadan, and Judaic faiths. Only a small proportion of the population is Muhammadan]

FEMININE VANITY: This native woman of Darfur Province, Sudan, was highly impressed with the shorts worn by British officers, and endeavoured to reproduce the effect by whitewashing herself in flattering imitation

MISS PORT OF KOBE: The young Japanese girl who held this title during the recent festivities in Kobe, when the citizens celebrated the sixty-seventh anniversary of the opening of their port to world trade. Processions were held through all the main streets throughout the three days of the festivities

IN A BOSNIAN TOWN: Another remarkable picture of a cloaked and veiled Muhammadan woman





THE PLUCKER AND THE PLUCKED: Mr. P. N. Kohli (left), of Baramula, Kashmir, India, climbing among the rocks in search of the lovely Kashmir gentian flowers (right) which are found in the region of the Himalayas. A consignment of these has been sent to London for the Royal parks

READERS OF "THE SPHERE" IN AN OUTPOST OF EMPIRE: Officers of a Royal Air Force squadron sunbathing on Christmas Day outside a little frontier station which they occupy near the Afghan border. "The Sphere" is sent on to them each week from Kohat, North-West Frontier Province

NOT SO SERIOUS AS IT SEEMS: A view showing the low level of the water in the Lindley Wood reservoir, which is part of the Leeds waterworks system. The city is not threatened with shortage, however, and sufficient supplies for over four months are available

THIS BRIDGE HAS BEEN HIDDEN BENEATH THORNTON RESERVOIR, LEICESTER, FOR EIGHTY YEARS, and has now come to light as a result of the drought and the consequent sinking of the water level. Before the flooding of the valley it bridged a small stream

WHERE LIVERPOOL GETS ITS SUPPLY: The dam on the River Vyrnwy as it appears in normal conditions. Exaggerated reports have been published regarding the water shortage in this area

THE THAMES AT EEL PIE ISLAND; There has been a rumour that the river is drying up, and the above picture at first sight bears this out. Actually the low level of water is largely the result of the flow being restricted at Teddington Weir in order to allow of repairs to Richmond Railway Bridge. Although, according to Lord Desborough, another dry summer would be serious, there appears to be no immediate danger of water shortage in London

# ENGLAND'S WATER SUPPLY

## Manchester the Only City in Immediate Danger of Shortage

Various reports, some of them inaccurate, have recently appeared in the Press concerning the serious shortage of water in many parts of the country. There is no doubt, however, that the alarm was justified in some districts, for last summer tested our water supply defences to their fullest extent, and an exceptionally dry winter has hardly helped matters.

So far, with the exception of a few country districts, there has been little suffering from shortage of water. Water supply engineers, however, are anxiously awaiting a period of heavy rainfall which will fill depleted reservoirs and revive failing springs.

In view of this situation, it has been desirable to investigate this drought question directly with some of the principal water engineers of the country, and the following is a short survey of the present situation.

*Leeds—Lindley Wood Reservoir.*—The fact that this reservoir (which is wholly used for the impounding and storage of compensation water given off continuously to the river) has been drawn down during the past few months has no special significance in the light of the weather conditions prevailing in the district during that period, and the waterworks system has to be considered as a whole. The available stocks of water have, during the recent dry spell, never fallen below 122 days' supply. To-day the supply stands at 143 days and, in addition to fulfilling the city's requirements, the neighbouring authorities have received assistance to the extent of additional supplies totalling over 600,000 galls. per day.

*Liverpool.*—The water supply of this city is obtained from the River Vyrnwy. There is at the present time a sufficient quantity of water in Lake Vyrnwy to afford the maximum quantity that can be drawn from that source to Liverpool for about twelve months. The only difficulty at the present time is a minor one, owing to the practical exhaustion of a subsidiary source of supply.

*Newport, Monmouthshire.*—Owing to the foresight of the Water Committee of the Council in obtaining water from Talybont in Breconshire, Newport has not experienced any inconvenience in the way of restricted supply during the recent drought conditions. On the completion of the reservoir, now in course of construction, the city will be provided with an adequate supply of water for all time.

*Manchester.*—A reverse condition of affairs is unfortunately being experienced in this city. A warning statement has recently been issued by the chief engineer to the Corporation water department. It calls for widespread care in the domestic use of available supplies.

The water at Thirlmere, the city's main reservoir, is lower than it has been for the past thirty years. According to records there has never been anything like the present position at this period of the year. Generally in January Thirlmere is filled to its 180 days' capacity, but to-day only forty-seven days' supply remains in store.

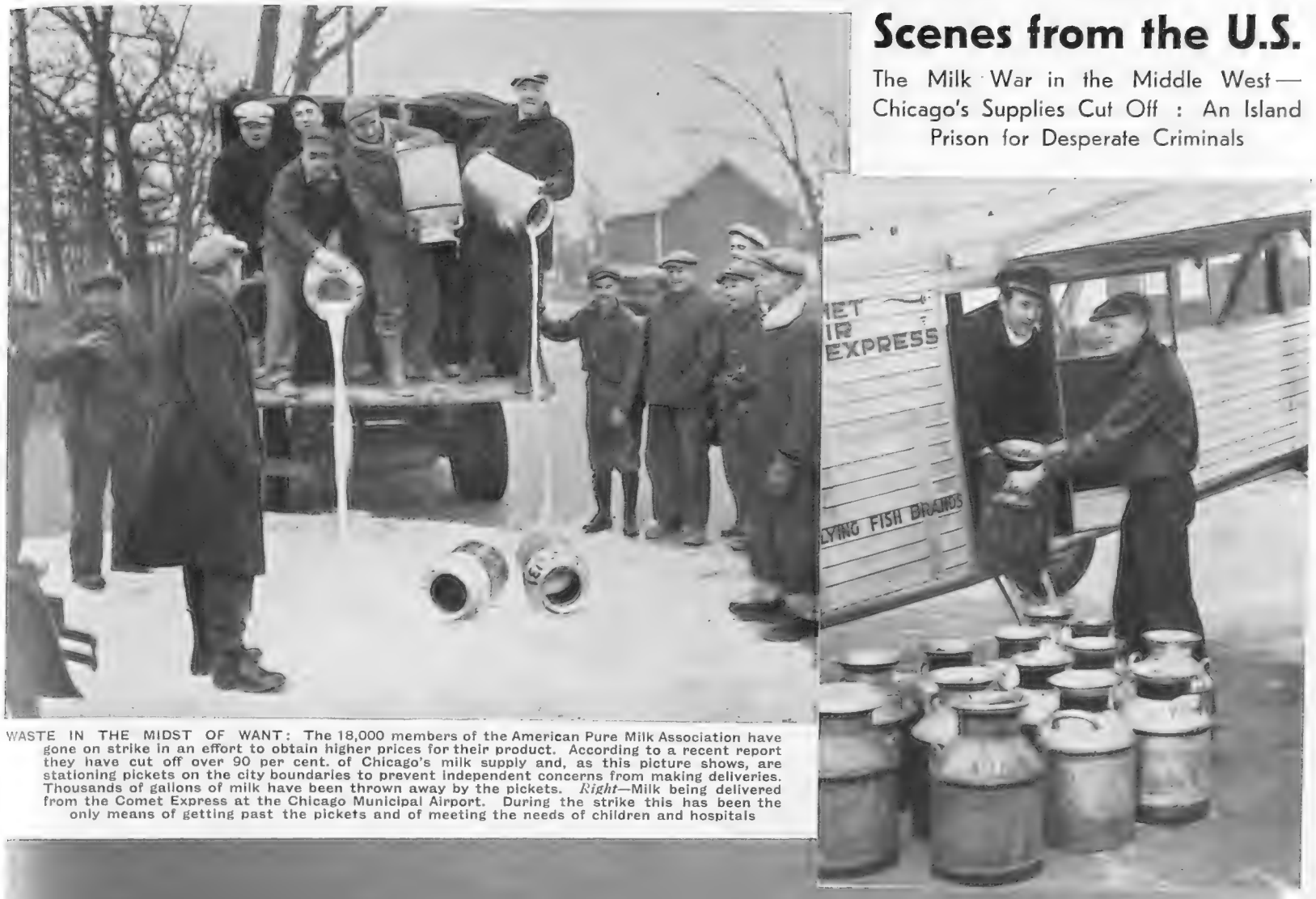
One inch of rain over the area would normally put four or five days' water into the lake.

The chief engineer remarks that, while there is at this moment no actual shortage and no case for a panic, it should be clearly realized that there is a possibility of a shortage occurring later in the year, primarily caused by the continued growth of the population, and every effort should be made to minimize the use of water for all purposes.

F. G. B.

# Scenes from the U.S.

## The Milk War in the Middle West—Chicago's Supplies Cut Off : An Island Prison for Desperate Criminals

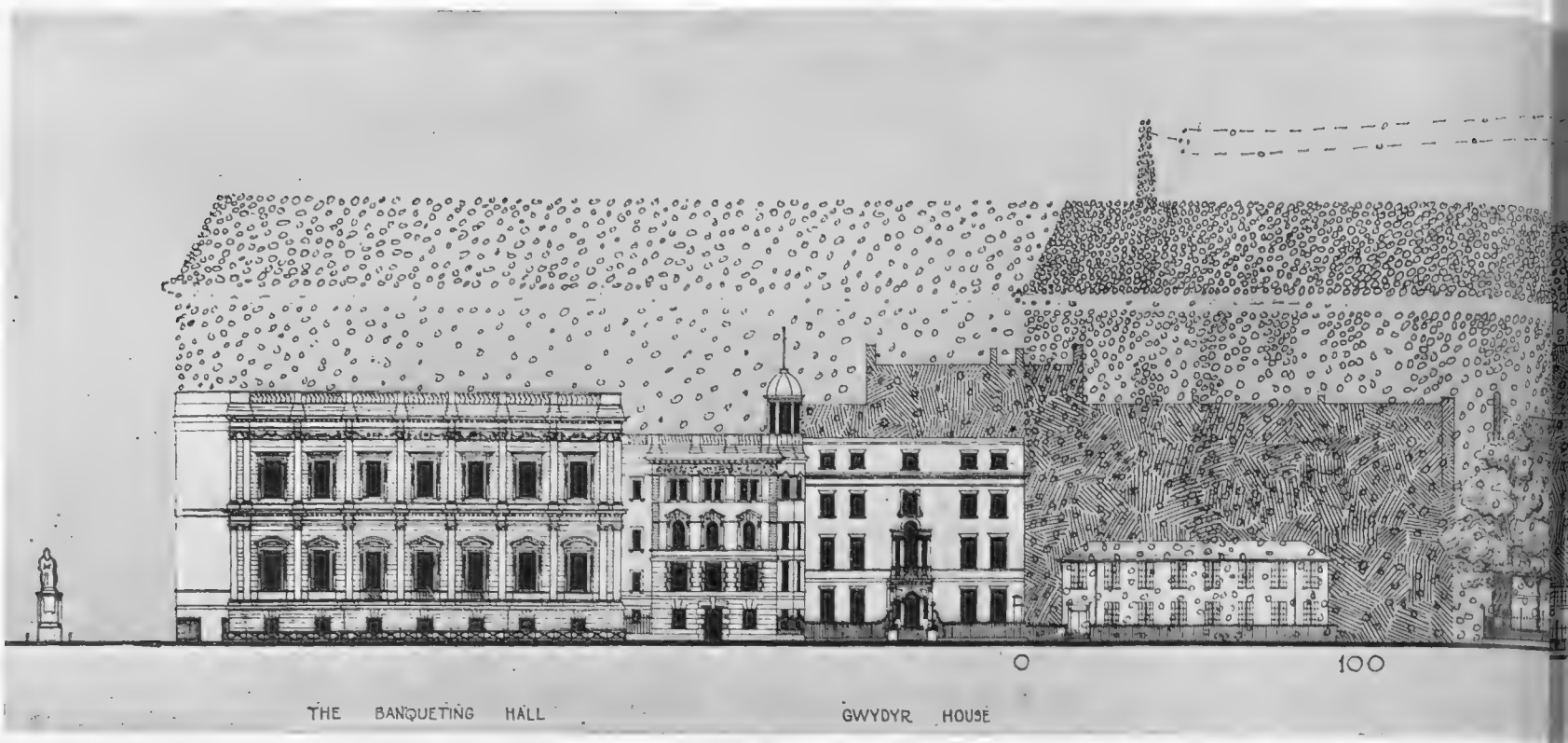



WASTE IN THE MIDST OF WANT: The 18,000 members of the American Pure Milk Association have gone on strike in an effort to obtain higher prices for their product. According to a recent report they have cut off over 90 per cent. of Chicago's milk supply and, as this picture shows, are stationing pickets on the city boundaries to prevent independent concerns from making deliveries. Thousands of gallons of milk have been thrown away by the pickets. *Right*—Milk being delivered from the Comet Express at the Chicago Municipal Airport. During the strike this has been the only means of getting past the pickets and of meeting the needs of children and hospitals

AN AMERICAN DEVIL'S ISLAND: The military prison on Alcatraz Island, San Francisco Harbour, California, where the United States Department of Justice are to house Federal criminals serving long-term sentences. A hundred men from Leavenworth Penitentiary and a similar number from Atalanta are shortly to be incarcerated there. Unaided, it will be practically impossible to escape from the island

THE MILK OF HUMAN UNKINDNESS: Two more scenes from the Middle-Western front, where the milk war is now raging. *Left*—Farm pickets on the Illinois State border dumping milk captured from a delivery van attempting to get through to Chicago. *Right*—A milk van being rescued from its perilous position after strikers had pushed it over the bank of the Chicago river

# THE WHITEHALL MONSTER: What is




THE SHADOW OVER WHITEHALL: It is proposed that the dotted section shown in this diagram shall be occupied by a vast new building which will house the Ministry of Labour, the Ministry of Transport, the Board of Trade, the Dominions Office, the Air Ministry, the Department of Overseas Trade, and the Ministries of Mines and Agriculture. The building's great bulk can be gauged when compared with the present Air Ministry offices at Gwydyr House

THE SITE WHERE IT IS PROPOSED TO ERECT THE NEW BUILDING: Gwydyr House, offices of the Air Ministry, is on the left

PEMBROKE HOUSE: An interior a be demolished if the present Whiteh House, Richmond Terrace, a

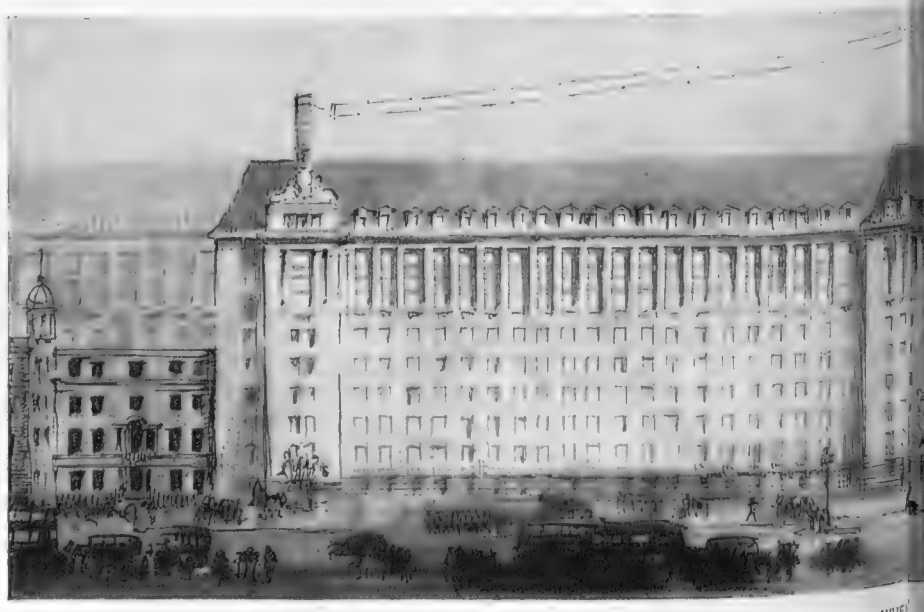
*Those closely interested in architectural matters have for some little time past been gravely concerned over the future of Whitehall. Readers will remember that a few months ago, the project of a monster building to centralize a number of Government Departments was announced, and a vivid impression of a new building was given by the enthusiastic architect in an issue of the "Evening Standard." Certain aspects of this scheme were of such a disturbing character that the aforementioned alarm appeared to be fully justified. It would now appear that second thoughts have arisen concerning the scope indicated to the architect, and in "The Times" of Thursday, January 25, doubts as to the possibility of having the huge 600 ft. frontage on Whitehall are indicated. It is suggested, for instance, that the existing trees be preserved, but how, in that case, the original 300 ft. depth would be attained it is difficult to see. No authority was given for these second thoughts, and in order to place the present position clearly before our readers we have had the accompanying special illustrations and notes prepared.*

The Britisher, not to mention the Londoner, may love London, but it is one long, intermittent cry nowadays against the spoiling of London—Carlton House Terrace, the Adelphi, Parliament Square, Abingdon Street, and now Whitehall. Vanity is the spoiler, a kind of American "bigger than anybody else" vanity which has seized business men, manufacturers, speculators, and now the Government and all their architects. The new building in Whitehall, says Mr. Vincent Harris, the architect chosen for the proposed Government building, will be "the biggest building yet constructed in London—bigger than County Hall or Shell-Mex House." History, beauty, amenities, everything of that kind which the poor general public may appreciate are of minor importance. Whitehall is one of the most historic thoroughfares in Europe and one of the oldest in London. What other street has seen its King, the King of a great Empire, beheaded? Charles I stepped out of the Banqueting House to his execution amid the exclamations of the mob. "*Demolition of the Banqueting House will not be required according to present plans,*" says Mr. Vincent Harris. The thanks of everyone are immediately due to the Government and Mr. Harris for perhaps allowing us to keep that historic and lovely building designed by Inigo Jones.

But, says Mr. Harris (only in his gladness he used no "but"), the new building will be partly behind the Banqueting House and will tower above it—and dwarf its scale and make it look such a little thing in spite of its beauty, say we who care about the beautiful things. And then there is Kent's fine building, the Horse Guards. This too, seen from St. James's Park, instead of being a complete thing, making its own sky-line, will be overlooked by the new building.

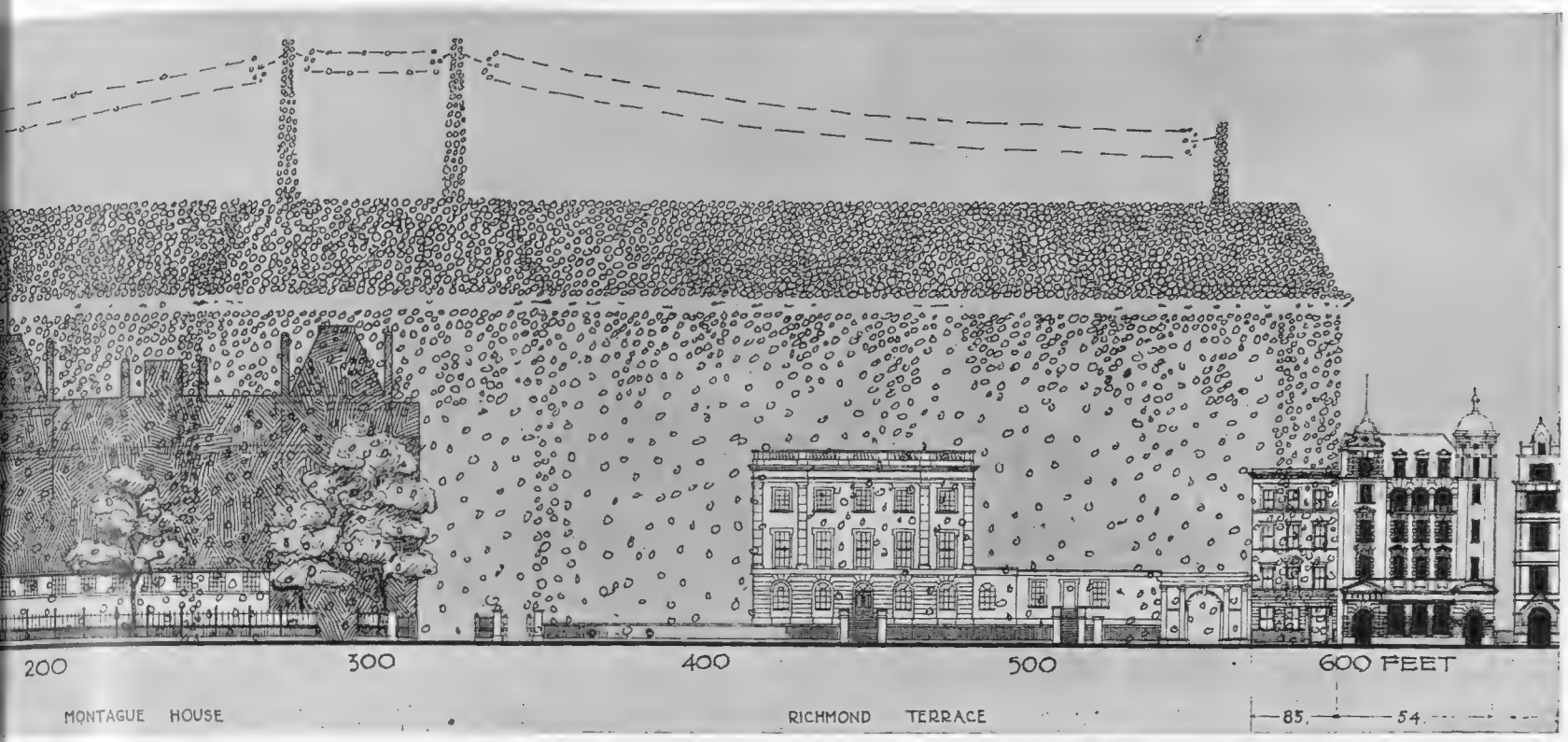
The Ministry of Labour, the Ministry of Transport, the Air Ministry, the Board of Trade, the Dominions Office, the Department of Overseas

THE THREATENED AREA: The portion enclosed by the two arrows indicates the proposed si inevitably throw the surroundi



AN UNOFFICIAL IMPRESSION OF WHAT THE MONSTER OF WHITEHALL WILL LOOK LIKE WHE have a number of dining-rooms, a vast library, and numerous clubs and reading-rooms. The draught

# Threatened in London's Historic Thoroughfare




THE REASON FOR SUCH A BUILDING: When a large percentage of the Ministries is centralized here, the Government is hoping to save £40,000 annually. Considering that the building will cost £2,500,000 the saving seems almost negligible

exterior view of the famous house which will rebuilding scheme goes through. Montague Gwydyr House are also threatened

A MORE APPROPRIATE SITE: The entrance to Whitehall from Parliament Square. It is here suggested that it would be better if the Government were to erect their new building on the right-hand corner, and to plan it on the same lines as the present offices seen on the left. This would make an imposing entrance to Whitehall, and no buildings of any architectural importance would be disturbed

for the new building. Lovers of London are generally deploring the fact that, if erected, it would architecture right out of scale

COMPLETED: The building will, according to the original proposals, cost about £2,500,000, and will man, in making the above forecast, has followed the prevailing mode for all large London buildings

Trade, the Ministries of Mines and Agriculture, are all to be congregated in this new monster. Centralization they call it, and all the clerks and typewriters will be there. They will have a banqueting hall, big dining-rooms, a vast library, a great covered avenue as broad as a street, clubs, reading-rooms, and extensive social amenities. There will be special high-speed lifts so that the population, equivalent to six regiments, to quote Mr. Harris again, may be inhaled and exhaled at the proper moments by the monster. Mr. Harris says the building will cost approximately £2,500,000, and the statement has been put forward that the centralization of all these Ministries into the big new building will save the Government £40,000 a year. After how many years?

The anachronism of it is that, after the Carlton House Terrace affair, the Government appointed a special committee, the Crown Lands Advisory Committee, to advise the Commissioners of Crown Lands about their urban properties. This Committee has already advised the Crown Lands to co-operate with the London County Council in preparing town-planning schemes for the London parks, incorporating all adjacent buildings. "Town plan," says the Committee appointed by the Government. What town-planning scheme in the world, except one arranged perhaps by the Government to suit its own purposes, would approve this monster building in Whitehall? When all Whitehall is rebuilt with similar great buildings it will be one of the finest avenues of any city in Europe, says Mr. Harris. Yes, but when will Whitehall be completely rebuilt? When will the Ministry of Health, the Admiralty, the War Office, the Horse Guards, and all the other buildings in Whitehall be pulled down and rebuilt? We hope some of them will never be destroyed, and the others are not likely to go for ages and ages, not till Mr. Harris's building is completely *vieux jeux* and out of date. Whitehall is Whitehall—a street of many historic yesterdays besides these problematical and improbable to-morrows.

High buildings are almost certainly the answer to some of London's difficulties, but they should be properly zoned, not just pitched down here, there, and everywhere regardless of adjacent amenities.

A few years ago when this proposition was brought up by Mr. Lansbury the London County Council fought hard to preserve a piece of garden on the Embankment front. They succeeded, but for once they have preserved the wrong piece of garden. When the Adelphi Bill was before Parliament early last summer the London County Council acquiesced in the loss of a piece of the Victoria Embankment Gardens, which are public. The piece they have preserved on the Embankment side of the Whitehall Government site is *not* open to the public. *If* the Government must build a monster building it should abut on to the Embankment, not on to the Whitehall pavement as Mr. Harris proposes. On the

*(Continued on p. 180)*

THE GREAT CHRONICLE OF LONDON *(right)* lying beside *Stow's Annals* after having been placed in the Guildhall. The volume bears on the back the words, Fabyan's Chronicles, the name by which it was called for many years. It is now known that Robert Fabyan was merely the owner of the manuscript. He was an alderman and sheriff of London in 1493

# THE CHRONICLERS OF ENGLAND

## The Importance of Lord Wakefield's Gift

By PHILIP LINDSAY

*(Author of a Recent Biography of Richard III)*

Our main authorities for the medieval period are the chroniclers, and these chroniclers were not historians. They stole from each other, they were often gullible, and many of them were malicious. Too often they relied on hearsay, for a great many of them were monks who rarely left their monastery walls, and to them the election of a new prior was of far greater importance than the murder of a king. Not only were the monkish writers the chief retailers of gossip, the lay historians were equally avid for queer tales, the more marvellous the better. Froissart, who is to my mind the greatest chronicler of them all, gives in detail the way he gathered his facts. When travelling or when visiting some lord, he might meet an old warrior; a hint was enough, a gesture towards the pen and ink-horn at his side, to send that warrior off into ranting reminiscences, much of it truth, but too much of it probably lies.

Therefore it is the modern historian's often painful task to sift these tales, to disentangle truth from lie by comparing one chronicle with another or with the dry facts of official records, of Patent Rolls, and such. These tales give colour to the books, they make the chronicles vastly readable, but they detract from their value as history. There is so much in the medieval period that is open to argument, so much that is conjecture, that the task of re-telling it is sometimes depressing, and very often exasperating.

Until the death of Matthew Paris, the historiographer of St. Albans, in 1259, England's chronicles are particularly rich; but after Paris's end, the names of the great chroniclers are sadly few. By the fifteenth century these monkish chroniclers—on whose authority we mainly rely for early history—had almost entirely given up the pen. We would have expected them to do even greater work after Chaucer had so enriched the language—although they wrote in Latin—but somehow, by his very magnificence, he seems to have depressed his followers. His splendid poetry, his love of humanity, and his Rabelaisian humour had tinkled out into the stodgy verse of men like Hawes and Lydgate.

With the decay of the monks and the poets, we find in the fifteenth century a new type of chronicler. The men of London began to compile histories of the city they loved; and the history of London in those days was the history of all England, for it was the centre of the court and of the country's wealth. All battles were fought with London as an objective: who held London held the realm of England. And with its growing importance, the city produced its chroniclers. Some wealthy merchant would examine the records, would have them copied and would hire a professional scribe to bring the details up to date. To this meagre chronicle he would sometimes add personal letters, and many of our authorities for the Hundred Years War are the letters sent home by soldiers and incorporated into these city chronicles.

Even these seem to grow less as the fifteenth century continues, until we are left with only two histories of any importance: one by an unknown monk at Croyland Abbey, who scribbled a little now and then; the other by a Dr. Warkworth, of Oxford, who kept a laborious diary. Except for these, there is comparative silence during the reign of Richard III; Henry VII's reign is a trifle better. He enticed the blind Gascon, Bernard André, to him and made him a kind of poet laureate, and when Polydore Vergil came to England to collect Peter's Pence he did not leave the country until well into Henry VIII's reign; to these two official historians must be added the London merchant, Robert Fabyan, who was toiling at his rather tedious chronicle. But that most interesting period, the pre-Tudor period, is in comparative darkness and the great figures move in a mist, glimpsed only now and then, seen vividly for one moment, striking a violent gesture, shouting some battle-cry, only to be lost again as the mist of silence drifts back.

At last, thanks to Lord Wakefield of Hythe, the Guildhall possesses a new authority for this misted period. There is no need for me here to detail the vicissitudes of the Great Chronicle until it found its resting-place in its most fitting home. For the reign of Richard III it is of particular interest, although unfortunately it is not strictly contemporaneous, having been written some years after the events it records. The Elizabethan, Stow, made good use of it, and there is more than a possibility that Fabyan did the same, and it substantiates much of their work that was before suspect. Who wrote it we shall probably never know; I think he was a merchant, for he was not embroiled in history. I see him as an old man looking back on a tempestuous time, remembering the history of the country he loves, and idly writing for future generations what he can recall and what he has been told.

There must have been dozens of other men like this unknown chronicler, but their works have vanished, have rotted with age, or have been maliciously destroyed. As one who loves that lonely king Richard III, I am continually hoping that some contemporary chronicle will be discovered to vindicate him for all time. The Great Chronicle does not do this, but then it was unquestionably written in the reign of his greatest enemy and traducer, Henry VII. Although it lifts the cloud a little from the fifteenth century, it does not lift it completely. That period still remains perhaps the blankest in English history.

"STOW'S ANNALS"—ANOTHER FAMOUS LONDON CHRONICLE: This volume is smaller and more compact in form than *The Great Chronicle of London*. The Annals are printed in black letter, and the two pages seen here relate to events in the reign of Richard III (1483)

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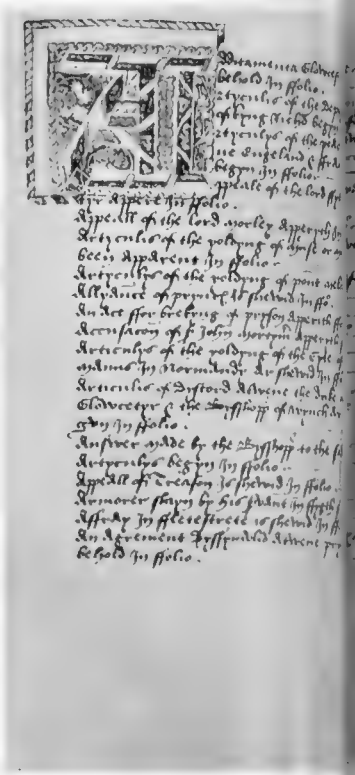

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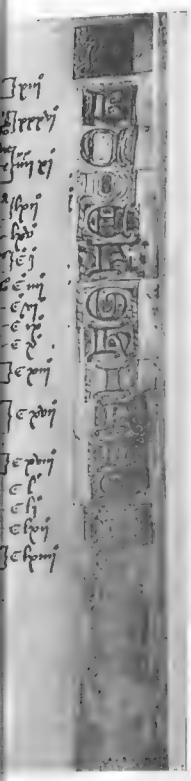
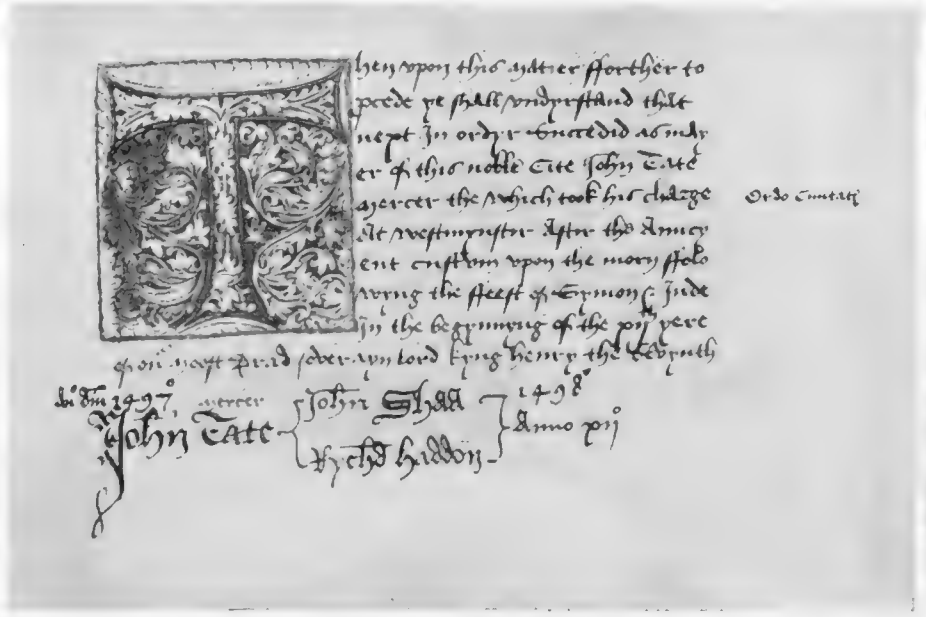
# AT CHRONICLE OF LONDON

## Remarkable Fifteenth-Century Manuscript which Lord Wake-of Hythe has Recently Presented to the Guildhall Library



CHRONICLE: Partated Index. The beautiful initial letters are particularly noteworthy



AN ILLUMINATED CAPITAL ADORNING THE GREAT CHRONICLE: This remarkable manuscript, which is the work of several writers, is a history of events in the City of London during the latter part of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries—a period comparatively bare of historical records. The manuscript has not been thoroughly perused, and it is expected that it will throw interesting light on some of the many disputed events in the reign of Richard III

WAS RICHARD III A HUNCHBACK? The traditional belief that Richard was deformed has raised an historical problem which it has been impossible to settle because of the lack of reliable fifteenth-century chroniclers. The London Chronicle contains many facts about Richard

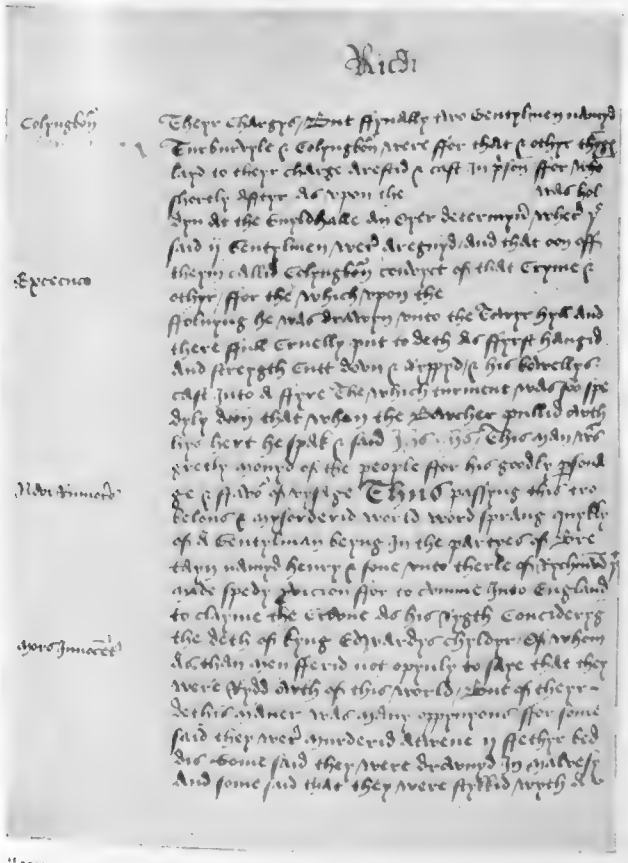
## EXTRACTS FROM THE MANUSCRIPT

### Transcribed for the First Time for "The Sphere" by Courtesy of the Guildhall Librarian

**Princes in the Tower.**—"*And durying this mayris yere* (Edmund Shaa, 1483–4) *The childyr of Kyng Edward were seen shotyng and playyng in the Gardyn of the Towyr by sundry tymys.*"

"*But afftyr Estyrn (1485) much whysperyng was among the people that the kyng hadd put the childyr of Kyng Edward to deth, and also that he hadd poysonyd the Quene his wyffe.*

"*Conciderying the deth of Kyng Edwardys chyldyr Of whom as than men Ferid not opynly to save that they were Rydd owth of this world. But of theyr dethis maner was many opphynyons For some said they were murderid atwene ii Fethyr beddis, some said they were drownyd in malvesy and some said that they were stykkid wyth a venymous pocion, But how soo evyr they were put to deth Certayn it was that beffore that daye they were departid From this world. Of which cruell dede Sr Jamys Tyrell was Reportid to be the doer, but other putt that wygth upon an old servaunt of kyng Rychardes namyd.*"



"MURDERID ATWENE II FETHYR BEDDIS": The above is an actual photographic reproduction of a passage in *The Chronicle of London* relating to the rumoured murder of the young Princes in the Tower. At this time some said that Richard III had ordered them to be smothered, others that he had had them drowned in a butt of malmsey. (Many believe to-day that Richard was guiltless)

**Bosworth.**—"*And Thus by grete Fortune & grace upon the Foresaid xxii day of August wan thys noble prynce (Henry) the possestion of thys land and than was he conveyed to leycetyr the same nygth and there ressayvid wyth all honour & gladness. And Rychard late kyng, as gloriously as he by the mornyng departid From that Toun, Soo as inreverently was he that afftyr nounc browght into that toun For hys body dyspoylid to the skyn, and nowgth beyng lefft abouth hym . . . . . he was trussyd behynd a pursevaunt called Norrey as an hogg or an othyr vyle beest And soo all to be sprung wyth myyr & Fylth was browgth to a church in leycetyr For all men to wondyr uppon and ther lastly inreverently buried. And thus endid this man wt dyshonour as he that sowgth it, For hadd he contynuyd styll protectour and have suffyrd the childyr to have prosperid accordyng to his alegeaunce & Fydelyte, he shuld have been honourably laudyd ovyr all, where as now his Fame is dyrkid & dyshonowrid as Ferr as he was knowyn.*"



THE IRREVERENT TREATMENT OF RICHARD III'S BODY AFTER BOSWORTH is dealt with on this page from *The Great Chronicle*



THE MURDER OF THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER: Hildebrandt, the artist, reconstructed the scene in the belief that the boys were smothered, a theory, as *The Great Chronicle* tells us, which was widely discussed in Richard's reign

AN ENTRANCE TO A TEMPLE IN KATMANDU: A visitor to the city in 1931 described what she saw in the following glowing terms: "Katmandu itself seemed to me the very materialization of what one dreams to have been old Manchurian China. Temples and temples and pagodas, and still more pagodas—there seems no end to them. A welter of colour; gold-pinnacled, white stupas and shrines over which trailed great curtains of clematis and orange creeper. Narrow, winding streets with overhanging balconies. A myriad hanging brass lamps; some blackened with age, the gleaming dragons on others flashing in the sunlight. Each temple a pageant of colour—for not only is every square inch intricately carved with emblems of the Hindu faith, but everything is vividly painted"

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# KATMANDU: SCENES IN THE CAPITAL OF NEPAL

Where there has been Grave Loss of Life and Property as a Result of the Disastrous Earthquake which Recently Shook Northern India. Some Remarkable Views of the City and its Great Buildings and Temples

THE RECENTLY CONSTRUCTED DURBAR HALL AT KATMANDU: Its beautiful white stonework and finely laid out gardens make it the most imposing structure in Nepal

Owing to the breakdown of communications it has been difficult to ascertain the actual severity of the recent earthquake in the valley of Nepal. It seems probable, however, that the three cities of Katmandu, Patan, and Bhatgaon have been severely damaged, and that most of the smaller dwellings have been rendered uninhabitable. An endless stream of relief workers has been taking supplies into the stricken area during the past week, but many of the people are still in desperate need of clothing and shelter, and an epidemic is feared on account of the number of dead bodies still lying among the ruins. According to a statement in *The Times*, the report of the deaths of two daughters of the King of Nepal, and of a grand-daughter of the Prime Minister, appears to be correct. As far as can be ascertained, no white people have been injured

*On right*—A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN THE CAPITAL OF NEPAL: Katmandu contains a vast number of temples and, although the streets are narrow, many of the buildings are architecturally superb

BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE: The city, which has a population of approximately 80,000, stretches for about a mile north from the confluence of the Baghmati and Vishnumati rivers, and is situated in the centre of the fertile valley of Nepal. Katmandu was founded in A.D. 724 and probably takes its name from an ancient blackwood building in the heart of the city, which is supposed to have been built from one giant tree. ("Kath"—wood, "mandu"—edifice.) The valley in which it is situated is cut off from the rest of India by a sixty-mile stretch of mountains and jungle—hence the slowness with which the reports of the earthquake have come through

# CORINTHIANS OF THE

SIR PETER GRANT-LAWSON, CAVALRYMAN AND AMATEUR RIDER: He won the Grand Military Gold Cup on Castletown in 1932, and has proved his ability over the Grand National course

Atcha, Atcha, and they all fall down. Somebody said not long ago that the greatest physical thrill in the world you can feel is the forward and upward surge of an aeroplane as it leaves the ground and climbs into the sky. That shows what a mechanical age we are becoming. In my own mind there is no doubt that the greatest physical thrill you can have is the swift rush downhill on skis, the second as you pass over the flat space built out on the side of the hill, and then the exhilaration as your skis leave the ground, or rather the snow, and you hurtle into the air on a ski jump. After all, you are doing it under your own power, so there is real pride of achievement, and for some reason or other the speed at which you are travelling seems ever so much greater. As you hiss through the air crouching and waiting to land without a spill, you get a kick out of life which you can experience in no other way.

But after that undoubtedly comes the upward and forward spring of a horse between your legs as it takes a fence. The sense of power and speed and freedom is gloriously uplifting in every sense of the word.

It is one of the curiosities of sport that jump-racing, which demands so much more courageous jockeyship and just as much skill as flat-racing, does not appeal in anything like the same degree to the great British public. The attendances are smaller and the betting is far less. And yet the atmosphere of jump-racing is much more friendly than that of flat-racing. There is so much more give and take. There is much less jealousy among the professional jockeys; and if one of them after a series of losers wins a race, they all crowd round him and congratulate him in a way that does not obtain on the flat. This is very largely due to the amateur element in steeplechasing. No amateur can live with a professional on the flat. There must be a difference of nearly a stone between the best of them and any of the top flight of professionals. Even over the hurdles it is, with one exception, worth probably about 8 lb. to have your horse ridden by a professional. But in steeplechasing there cannot be more than a pound or two in it. It happens, of course, that amateurs get beaten at the finish because they are not quite so fit and are not so good at driving their mount home. The professional sits lower, knows how to use his whip, holds his horse together, and steals a win on the post quite frequently. Nevertheless, if an amateur can ride at 11 st. and has a good horse, he is liable to be in the money almost as often as the professional. In any event, he is more likely to chance his arm, like Captain C. N. Brownhill at Newbury the other day. When beaten a head on Drintyre by Kellsboro' Jack, Captain Brownhill took the last two fences as though they did not exist.

Altogether, there are about fifteen first flighters among the gentlemen jockeys. At their top I think one can safely put Mr. F. Walwyn. Mr. Walwyn seems to get almost perpetual leave from the 9th Lancers. He has ridden easily the largest number of winners so far this season. He is fair and clean-shaven, and is a real lightweight, being able to do 10 st. easily. He rides other people's horses as well as his own, and is one of the few amateurs who is equally good over hurdles or fences. Having put him at the top of the list, let us take the others at random.

Well, there is Sir Peter Grant-Lawson, another cavalryman. He is the Adjutant of the Blues and won the Soldier's Blue Riband, the Grand Military Gold Cup, on Castletown in 1932. He has already won twenty races this year himself, and owns that very useful horse, Golden Holiday. Grant-Lawson has, I believe, twice completed the Grand National course at Aintree, and once was fifth on Aspirant, although he is rather short-sighted. Indeed, when he is not riding he wears spectacles. He is short, dark, and rich, and is not at all perturbed by the fact that on two occasions his horse has been killed underneath him. One was Northern Linnet, which broke its neck in 1929 at Cheltenham; a jockey was killed on the same day. The other was Chicago, which broke its neck at the Wetherby Steeplechases in April, 1926. In the same race the favourite broke a fetlock, and another horse fell and broke its rider's collar-bone. It was last December 29 that Sir Peter Grant-Lawson won that remarkable race at Newbury. He was lying seventh when the six horses in front all took the wrong turning in the United Services Handicap, and he was able to make a wholesale objection against all of them and won the race.

Mr. Hugh Lloyd-Thomas is one of the best men to hounds in the country. Formerly First Secretary at our Embassy in Madrid, he is now the Prince of Wales's assistant private secretary. His best performance, I should say, was winning the Grand Sefton Steeplechase on his own mare, Destiny Bay, when over forty. He is long and lanky, and it is astonishing that a six-footer like him manages to keep going so well. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, is always beautifully dressed, and on one occasion when still in the Diplomatic Service is said to have been at the Foreign Office at 10.30, worked there until 1 p.m. (when the Foreign Minister went out to lunch), and was back again without a hair out of line at 3 p.m., having won a race in the interval.

CAPTAIN C. N. BROWNHILL has won the Scottish Grand National and the Grand Military Gold Cup, and is one of the most experienced amateur riders "over the sticks"

Captain C. N. Brownhill is another winner of the Grand Military Gold Cup. He was a Gunner at the time. Since then he has transferred to the Irish Guards, and at the moment is at the Staff College at Camberley. His best horse is undoubtedly Drintyre, on whom he won the Scottish National. Another good race in which he was first past the post was the National Trial 'Chase at Gatwick. But his favourite meeting is Sandown. He has won over fifty races all told, and is an Old Carthusian. He can do 11 st. without any real difficulty, is slightly sandy-haired, and has a wife as keen on racing as himself.

Mr. Peter Payne-Gallwey is another cavalryman among the Corinthians of the Turf. He is definitely good and seems, like Mr. Walwyn, to have considerable leave from his regiment. How else could he race at consecutive meetings at Birmingham, London, and Manchester? He won the Grand Military Gold Cup on Back Sight after a very fine display of jockeyship. He was at least a hundred yards behind the horse in front, but managed to get home. It was a coincidence that Back Sight did not belong to him at the time, although he had owned him previously. Mr. Payne-Gallwey, who is fair and clean-shaven, and about the same build as Mr. Walwyn, can also do 10 st. easily, and rides a good deal for Major Rattle Barrett's stable.

Nobody who saw the Grand National, either on the screen or at Aintree, will forget Mr. Edward Paget's ride on Egremont when he came in second. Mr. Paget is a stockbroker who rushes down to a nearby meeting at twelve o'clock, rides a winner, and gets back before the City closes. This year he hopes to go one better on Egremont. He is tall, blue-eyed, fair-haired, with a scar on his lip, and is just under thirty years old.

I do not know much about Mr. Little except that his regiment is the 9th Lancers. He does a certain amount of riding and has had a few winners. He is one of the younger school.

Mr. Pete Bostwick is a top flighter in the United States and is particularly good over hurdles, where he can hold his own with any professional, being, perhaps, the only amateur who can do so. It is only a year ago that he started riding over fences. He won the Imperial Cup, which is the star hurdle race at Sandown. He is a nephew of Ambrose Clarke the millionaire, and won the Lancashire Hurdle Race at Liverpool. His style is rather like that of George Duller, and he rode Dusty Foot in the Grand National. He is very short and very popular.

Mr. F. Furlong is yet another cavalryman, and won the National Hunt 'Chase in 1932 on Robin-a-Tiptoe. That was the occasion when his mother made the

MR. PETER PAYNE-GALLWEY: Another cavalryman who devotes most of his spare time to steeplechasing. He often rides for Major Rattle Barrett

# TURF: How They Can Take It!

By CHARLES GRAVES

glorious remark in the paddock, "Isn't that splendid? I bred them both." At the moment he is very much in the public eye with his father's Reynoldstown, whom he is riding regularly. He also owns that good horse, Briscoe.

Mr. A. Marsh is a nice lad and the son of a farmer. He has nothing to do with the famous family of trainers of the same name, but he is definitely good. He rides mostly in the North, and is not seen frequently enough near London.

Messrs. Bissill and Ransome are two other fine North Country riders of whom I am afraid I have no details, except that they have won a satisfactory number of winners.

Mr. Peter Cazalet, brother of the two M.P.s, Captain Victor Cazalet and Miss Thelma Cazalet, has rather dropped out of the game since he married Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's daughter Leonora. He has blue eyes, red cheeks, and an open sort of face. He is about 5 ft. 10 in. in height, and somewhat reserved. His best horse is Youtell. Mr. Cazalet never rides outside H. Whiteman's stables, which are close to his home at Sevenoaks. He himself often takes part in the morning gallops. I believe that Mr. Whiteman's stables are always identified with amateurs except for their apprentice, Fox. Lord Mildmay of Fleet, Lord Long of Wraxall, with whom I occasionally play golf in the South of France, and Mr. Jim Windsor-Lewis, who broke a bone not long ago, are other amateurs associated with this stable.

One must not forget Mr. F. Cundell, who is in the Royal Army Veterinary Corps. He is the son of the well-known trainer who died not long ago. But I do not think he owns any horses. He is about 5 ft. 9½ in.

There is also Mr. R. Harding, who won the National Steeplechase at Cheltenham some time ago, but does not do much racing nowadays. He is a 7th Hussar, and has got a few horses trained by Webber, but seldom rides his own.

I feel I ought also to mention Major Jack Wilson, who won the Grand National on Double Chance when well into the forties; and Mr. Kenneth Goode, who used to be in the Guides, and has ridden in the Grand National more than once. He is dark and good-looking, but I have not seen him for years.

These, then, are the top flighters. One often reads in the daily Press about millionaires who risk their necks. Few of them, fortunately, have been killed. It was a tragedy, however, when Captain Sassoon died as a result of injuries. He was one of the bravest men that ever happened and did an immense amount of good for jump-racing. He once told a friend of mine that the reason why he rode in races was because it was the only thing that frightened him, and he was determined to overcome it. To begin with, he was an almost unbelievably bad jockey. People jeered at him, but he stuck to his leathers, morally if not physically. Towards the end he had become so popular that even when the bookmakers had had a bad race over him they would cheer him home.

Most of the gentlemen riders are soldiers, and no doubt it does them a bit of good with their regiment if they achieve distinction on the turf. Actually, however, one may be sure that it is purely for the excitement and thrill of it all that they risk their necks so often. Take a race like the Brookside Handicap Steeplechase a few years ago. There were three runners—Red Empress, Pride of Manister, and Clifford Hall. The race began at 2.4. At 2.6 Clifford Hall fell. A minute later Red Empress and Pride of Manister fell. A minute later Red Empress was remounted, followed in another seventy-five seconds by Pride of Manister and Clifford Hall being remounted. Three minutes later Red Empress fell and Clifford Hall pulled up. A minute later Red Empress was remounted and won, followed fifteen seconds later by Pride of Manister. It was on April 2, 1921, that the Prince of Wales rode in his first steeplechase. It was the Welsh Guards' Challenge Cup, and he was the sole survivor on Pet Dog. The friendly atmosphere of jump-racing was well illustrated on this occasion by the shout of "Come on, Steve" roared encouragingly at him by the crowd. In 1932, at Cheltenham, there were fifty-three spills, seven jockeys were hurt, and two horses were killed in two days' racing. But that does not stop the Corinthians of the Turf.

To-day it is pleasant to realize that we have a very good bunch of amateur riders over sticks. It seems to go in waves. Just after the War there was Harry Brown and Paddy Doyle, who, with possibly one other, stood out head and shoulders above the other amateurs. Harry Brown will be remembered for his performance in the Grand National in 1921. The Bore fell two fences from home, and Harry Brown broke his collar-bone. Somehow he managed to remount. One arm, of course, was useless anyway. The reins were on the off side. So the horse took charge. With his face contorted with pain Harry Brown sat on grimly and came in second. Thirty years ago it was the Beasleys, George Ede, Tom Pickernell, and Arthur Coventry who dominated the amateurs and were indeed as good as any of the professionals. But in 1908 there was a complete dearth of good amateurs.

Steeplechasing goes back to the year 1752, when two Irish squires who were distinctly bottled made a wager on themselves. Their names were O'Callaghan and Blake, and the course, which they completed after dinner, was from Bullevant to the church steeple of St. Ledger. Steeplechasing, which gets its name from this race, originated from hunt dinner parties after a great deal of claret and port, with a cask of rum as the usual stake. If you look at Alken's "First Steeplechase" you will see that the riders wore blue overalls, night-shirts, and night-caps. It was not until 1831, when some of the officers of the 1st Life Guards were recuperating at the Turf Hotel, St. Albans, that the first real steeplechase over a prepared course was held. Some years later, William Lynn, mine host of the Waterloo Hotel at Aintree, arranged a "Grand Steeplechase" on February 29 (very suitably 1836 was Leap Year). It was won by Captain Becher, whose name is immortalized in the Grand National. The Lord Stanley of the day and Sir Thomas Massey were others who took part.

Other old originals were My Lords Clanricarde and Waterford, usually known as the Mad Marquess. In those days steeplechasing was more or less a fox-hunter's scramble, as is still shown by the rule that "no rider may open a gate or ride through a gateway, or go more than one hundred yards along a road or path." To-day it is a very different affair. Amateurs must keep as fit as a fiddle to negotiate the jumps and finish strongly. They know that any amount of money is being betted on their chances. They themselves, of course, are allowed to bet. On the other hand, they can claim no expenses and accept no presents from the owners whose horses they may be riding, if they are not on their own.

When an amateur has ridden ten winners he has to apply for a permit from the National Hunt Committee. These licences are renewed annually. The National Hunt Committee is very dictatorial, and if it thinks you are taking money for riding your licence will not be renewed. This supervision has become distinctly rigorous in the last five years. It was not so long ago that more than one famous amateur rider was known to refuse a ride unless the owner gave him the odds to £25. This was not entirely his fault. Jump-racing is not inexpensive even if you do not keep a stable of your own. Taking three days a week as an average from November to April, the expenses will amount to anything from £150 to £250 during that period (quite apart from doctor's fees).

Here, at the last minute, I suddenly realize that I have left out the name of one of the most gallant gentleman jockeys of all, Mr. Fred Thackray, who took that awful toss on Gregalach in the Grand National. He is the son of a charabanc proprietor. Which all goes to show that the Corinthians of the Turf are drawn from every class of life. Good luck to all of them. They can certainly take it.

*And* do.

MR. EDWARD PAGET, who came in second in the Grand National of 1932 on Egremont, a comparative outsider. He is a stockbroker by profession

MR. PETER CAZALET ON YOUTELL, his most successful mount. He is a brother of Captain Victor Cazalet, M.P.

MR. F. FURLONG, who won the spectacular National Hunt 'Chase in 1932 on Robin-a-Tiptoe. He rides his father's successful horse, Reynoldstown

GUARDIANS OF THE FRONTIER: The Vatican State and Italian Guards in the Piazza di San Pietro

# THE WORLD'S SMALLEST SOVEREIGN STATE

## A Visit to Vatican City

### BY ROY ELSTON

Beyond the deep archway at the back of St. Peter's Stairs lies, in a strange, religious secrecy, the tiniest sovereign State in Europe, its portals guarded with the care and pomp of 500 years ago, its streets and squares dispensing with the common circumstance of unconsecrated territory. So small is this State that one realizes with difficulty its economic, political, and social significance. You can walk from one frontier to the other in fifteen minutes. Its area is little more than ten acres. It numbers less than 1,000 citizens and less than ten miles of roads and streets. It seems absurd that this pleasant, walled enclosure, with its groups of palaces, its musical fountains and slumbering courtyards, its roads which the whirl of traffic seems never to disturb, should be a powerful, independent sovereignty. Absurd or not, it is; ask Vice-Chancellor von Papen, whose repeated conferences with Cardinal Pacelli have not, it is said, produced results very pleasing to the Wilhelmstrasse. As a fact, there is nothing wanting in the constitution of the Vatican City State to make it perfectly organized from the political, juridical, and social point of view; and, what is more, it gains impressive character not only from its qualities as a small, official sovereignty, but from its significance as the heart and brain of a vast, unofficial empire!

There are aspects of this little State which make citizenship very attractive. For one thing, free trade is the law of the Vatican City, and my favourite cigarettes, which cost 15 lire, or 5s., on the other side of St. Peter's Square, would only cost 6 lire, or 2s., on this side. There are other privileges, and the Governor maintains a strict watch to see that they are not abused, to the detriment of Italian authority. The son of one of the most highly-placed personages in Vatican City is domiciled in Rome. He ordered a package of wines and cigarettes from abroad, giving his father's address in Vatican City. When he called for the package he was told that he might come as often as he liked to Vatican City, and there drink the wine and smoke the cigarettes, but not a bottle, nor a packet, could he carry with him over the frontier. It is rather because of the privileges attached to citizenship than because of any housing shortage that the population of Vatican City is not allowed to climb above 1,000. Besides, it is only intended to be the domicile of officials, artists, traders, and workmen actively concerned in the special organization of the State.

As with Rome, the municipal functions of Vatican City are performed by a Governorate, which is established in a new and splendid palace on rising ground behind St. Peter's. The Governorate is divided into three principal departments, a statement of the functions of which gives a fairly clear indication of the organization of the city. First comes the Secretariat, comprising the Protocol General, with the archives and the staff, the legal affairs section, the civil registry, sanitary services, comptroller of accounts, and the provision markets and gendarmerie. The second principal department is that of the direction of monuments, museums, and galleries. The third is the technical services department, divided into a building section, the section for technical studies, furnishing and depositories, communications, gardens, fountains, roads, etc., and floral and decoration services.

And that, briefly, describes the general organization of Vatican City, at least from the municipal point of view. For legal matters, a Court of First Instance has been created, with jurisdiction extended to penal and civil cases. There is also a mint, turning out the special Vatican coinage, which, by recent decree, is to remain on the gold standard; a post, telegraph, and telephone office, subject only to Vatican authority and decision; a wireless broadcasting station, electric power works, and a beautifully new railway station staring hopefully down on rusted parallels of railway line—the most striking and eloquent symbol of the new status of the Pope.

They intend to use that railway station one day. Obviously there will come a time when we shall see the monumental gates swing open, and hear an engine panting along the lines that are now cold and rusty. There is a rumour about that the Pope intends to make an official tour of Italy very soon. Somewhere in Turin a fine papal train is being built, with mother-of-pearl fittings, and it is fairly safe to assume that the train has a purpose, just as the station and the rusty lines have a purpose. It will be a great day, not only for Catholic Christendom, but equally for the whole railway world, when Pius XI mounts to his mother-of-pearl fitted coach, and at a blast of the whistle from the papal stationmaster, particulars of whose uniform I long to possess, the train moves out from Vatican City on its tour of the Italian provinces.

It will not, of course, be the Pope's first excursion beyond Vatican boundaries. Since the signing of the Treaty he has several times visited his lovely palace at Castel Gandolfo, which has been given extra-territorial privileges, and thus has created the precedent which will make a more extensive voyage less remarkable. After all, there is no longer a feud between the Vatican and the Italian State. The Treaty signed in the Lateran Palace on February 11, 1929, by Mussolini and the late Cardinal Gasparri cleared up, once and for all let us hope, the vexed *Questione Romana*, and absolved the present Pope from the self-denial of his predecessors, who, after the creation of United Italy, never moved a step outside the papal grounds from their election to their death.

It is much more sensible to see Pope Pius XI jump into his car of a hot summer's day and motor out to take the air at Castel Gandolfo! The Lateran Treaty, by confirming the temporal sovereignty of the Vatican, has brought the Pope to earth, so to speak, and made him more comprehensible to earthly people. "Lateran Treaty or no Lateran Treaty, it would not have been easy to keep the present Pope within the confines of the Vatican."

It is the recognition of the inviolability of the Pope, and of his sovereign, incontestable jurisdiction over Vatican territory, confirmed by the creation of the territory into a city State, that brought about the change in the Pontiff's temporal relations. The effect on Vatican territory itself is seen most obviously in such features as new buildings, new streets, the railway station, the post office, and above all, the Governorate. Pius XI has raised many new, ecclesiastical, academic, and municipal buildings, has laid down new streets, and has radically transformed a great part of the existing structures, especially in the area between the apse of the Basilica and the walls of Leo IV. Having won independence for his territory he at once set about embellishing and modernizing it, and has frequently shown his determination to give the new State all the benefits of modern architectural, engineering, and scientific research.

One wonders what it feels like to be a citizen of the Vatican State. One wonders, indeed, what kind of people the citizens are. They are by no means all priests, or even priestly. In no sense is the organization of the city similar to the organization of a monastic community, and one assumes that behind these monumental walls are many of the circumstances of common, everyday domesticity: wives over their pots and pans, children in their cradles, husbands in shirt-sleeves reading the *Osservatore Romano*; births, deaths, marriages: love, hate, envy, and ambition. Well, if there are these things, they are kept well behind the monumental walls. To a casual observer Vatican City remains not only the smallest, but the most mysterious sovereign city in the world. One hears no laughter from playing children, intercepts no simpering nursemaid's glance directed to the puff-sleeved soldiery in the gardens; hearkens to no street-coster's cry or barking dog; observes no proud shop-signs or plate-glass windows; in short, reality, the common reality of city streets and market places, is utterly absent.

The result is an air of curious enchantment: lifelessness. As if it were waiting for something. I believe it is. I believe that when the first train draws up at Vatican City Station, when the first Vatican City railway guard blows his whistle and cries "All aboard!" then will the enchantment be lifted, then will the stream of life be released to flow gaily, commonly, through the streets and alleys of the youngest city in the world. And Pius XI, its sovereign ruler, will raise his hand in blessing.

THE ART GALLERIES: One of the many striking, modern buildings in Vatican City

THE GOVERNOR'S MAGNIFICENT PALACE IN VATICAN CITY: In the background are the steel towers of the broadcasting station

# WOMEN IN THE LIMELIGHT

IN RECOGNITION OF HER RESEARCH WORK: Mrs. M. E. Boyland, who has been awarded a special £100 scholarship by the committee of the Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road

MISS PEGGY SIMEY, daughter of Mr. R. I. Simey, a barrister, has been admitted to the Bar. She is secretary of the Bethnal Green Branch of the Invalid Children's Aid Association

WHAT EVERY DEBUTANTE SHOULD KNOW: Lady Cecilia Wellesley, sixteen-year-old daughter of Clare Countess Cowley, is to be presented at Court this year. She is at present studying domestic science

AT A VIENNESE FANCY DRESS BALL: Princess Schwarzenberg who attracted considerable attention when she appeared in this attractive costume representing "An Hungarian Fantasy." It was the work of Mlle Gerdago, one of Austria's best-known and most artistic dress designers

THE SPEED MERCHANT: Miss E. D. Smith who has been awarded a medal by the National Union of Teachers for writing shorthand at a speed of 240 words a minute over a period of five minutes

AN ACTIVE OCTOGENARIAN: Miss Violet Melnotte, director of the Duke of York's Theatre, returning from a recent flying visit to the Continent

DESIGNED BY JENNY OF PARIS: Miss Margaret Joyce wearing one of the latest ermine boas and muffs. The latter is trimmed with dark velvet

FRAULEIN HADWIG LANTSCHNER, a member of the well-known German skiing family who works as an X-ray nurse during the winter sports season

MOVING OFF TO DRAW

A large field at a recent meet of the Quorn at the Durham Ox, the well-known landmark at Six Hills

"YONDER HE GOES!"

Another meet of the Quorn at Keyham. This famous pack has been suffering from extremely poor scenting conditions of late

WAITING THEIR TURN

The Quorn field passing through a narrow gateway

BEFORE THE OFF

Mrs. Reggie Farquhar and Mrs. G. Colman at a Quorn meet

A STIRRUP CUP

The Countess of Fortescue with the Quorn

# HUNTING and the DROUGHT

## One of the Worst Scenting Seasons on Record —A True Story of Reynard's Remarkable Understanding of the Art of Venery

It is probable that in the memory of hunting man and woman there ha snever been a very much worse scenting season than the one which is now in progress. This sounds a somewhat sweeping assertion, but it is nevertheless true. The summer drought, which was particularly severe, was followed by an autumn one, which was equally so. With no water anywhere we heard of the wells, upon which a great many big country houses depend for their supply, drying up almost entirely, rivers a long way below level, and of other signs of a terribly arid condition of affairs. If this were the end of the story as far as drought is concerned it would be bad enough, but it isn't, for the autumn drought was followed, first of all, by a winter one, and when for a short space of time we got a little rain, frost then descended upon us and worked still further havoc. To those who know, and even to those who do not, such conditions were the absolute death knell of that volatile thing, animal scent.

Roughly speaking, it can be said that the principal ingredients necessary to enable hounds to hunt their fox or other quarry are (a) a moist and warm earth, and (b) a cool atmosphere. This season we have had a cold earth and a still colder air, and the principal person who has been aware of how detrimental these conditions are to hunting has been the one principally concerned, Monsieur the Fox. He is a better master of venery than any human being, and it may be illustrative to cite a more or less recent incident of the knowledge which a fox possesses of the nature of the scenting conditions. Hounds were drawing a small covert in which there was not room with comfort for both the hunted and the hunters at the same time, and so bold Reynard considered it advisable to leave. This he did in a quite leisurely manner, trotted out into the centre of a big grass field, sat down on his haunches, scratched his ear, and finally meandered off at his own pace, knowing perfectly well that he left no trace whatever of his going and that he had not been seen by his four-legged pursuers. This, it is suggested, will give a somewhat vivid picture of what recent scenting conditions have been and present ones actually are.

For some unaccountable reason the regions which have been most stricken have been the Midlands. The three packs which pivot upon Melton, the Quorn, the Belvoir, and the Cottesmore, could each count the days upon which they have had what is called a really serving scent upon the fingers of one hand. The Fernie, at one time the South Quorn country, have had very little better luck. The Pytchley, in their high-lying country, possibly have had an even harder row to hoe, for even in the wettest weather the Northamptonshire grass rides light and dry. In the North they have not had the frost that we have had in the Midlands and the South in anything like the same degree of intensity, but there, too, they have had the other enemy, drought. To sum up, it can be repeated that this has been a most unsatisfactory season for fox-hunting; but as we had one of the best on record last season, when nobody could do any wrong and hounds were able to hunt their fox almost every day upon which they went out, we ought not, perhaps, to complain.

# WINTER SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS

## Personalities at a Famous Resort

A SPORTING TRIO AT ST. MORITZ

M. Brugnon (right), the well-known French tennis star and Davis Cup player, with two friends on the balcony of the Palace Hotel

SITTING ON THE FENCE

Fräulein Nellie Chaliapin, daughter of the famous Russian singer, in smiling mood at St. Moritz

THE SUN BREAKS THROUGH

A delightful winter study from Chamonix, the popular resort at the foot of Mont Blanc

Mr. M. J. Allom, the Surrey cricketer, with his fiancee, Miss Norriss, at Suvretta House, St. Moritz

A DEVOTEE OF SUMMER AND WINTER SPORT

# BOOKS

## By CECIL ROBERTS

## Paderewski—the Last of the Romantics : Paul Frischauer's Biography of the Gifted Warrior, Prince Eugène : Ivor Brown's Vigorous Onslaught on the Sewer School of Modern Literature

PADEREWSKI AS HE WAS IN 1891 : Rom Landau's biography of the distinguished Polish statesman and composer is reviewed on this page. It is published by Nicholson and Watson

FERDINAND TUOHY, whose book, *Craziways, Europe*, has just been published by Hamish Hamilton. He gives an account of some of his many remarkable adventures on the Continent

The figure of Paderewski is that of the last of the romantics. He does not quite belong to this age, and for the last ten years he has been legendary. "Was he a great pianist?" asks the new generation. The concert hall frenzy, the hysterical women, the tearful men, the crowds at the hall doors, the worshippers waiting in the vestibule of the hotel, the great lorry with the pianos, the secretaries, valets, the special coach on the train—they are all here in **M. Rom Landau's** biography, **Paderewski (Nicholson and Watson. 18s.)**. M. Landau cannot, I think, help it if his subject at moments appears slightly ridiculous. One cannot blame Paderewski, either, if he exploited the hysterical crowd. He emerges from this book a supreme artist, a superb showman, a man with an unwavering passion for his country. The claim is made that he is, or was, a great statesman. Time will adjudicate in this matter. We are still in doubt whether the Polish Corridor is not one of the great tragedies of the Peace Treaty, and Danzig the Achilles Heel of Europe. M. Landau is an extremely honest biographer, but a sense of humour would have made him less devastating with his god, whose clay feet (in this case a mane of red hair) are freely displayed. The childish and ludicrous side of this man of genius is displayed equally with hisgreatness both of intellect and character. We witness that curious *ménage* in the Swiss home, the chorus of adoring women who sit hushed before the master. "When at dinner, one hot evening, Paderewski wiped his forehead with a handkerchief, one of them turned to a guest and murmured, 'Look at him. Doesn't he look like Our Lord? So pale, so tired, so weak.' But the man who was so pale, so tired, so weak, was at that moment enjoying a very substantial cutlet and an excellent glass of wine."

Those were the days when the path of fame never led to the barber's. M. Landau leaves the impression that Paderewski owed much of his triumph to his hair. The young Paderewski appears on the Paris concert platform—"His flaming crown of hair is of that rarest of colours, a blend of gold and red. The sensitive women in the front rows are not startled by a violent red; they feel the sting of æsthetic enjoyment. All the beauty that flows from under his fingers seems to have been foretold by the rich glow of his hair." Very early in his career Paderewski devised an original make-up. He spread out his hair, he bared his throat, and to convey the impression of a Bohemian aristocrat, he wore white silk shirts and coats of the sleekest black cloth. Physically he was an apparition. He was the very substance of caricature, but of dignified caricature. He was, indeed, the personification of what he was not, the Polish aristocrat. The Polish aristocrat with whom he clashed later, Pilsudski, could look like a bandit. The two men were Poles apart.

With such hair, such eyes, such fingers, with a habit of graceful movement, of bending low and kissing women's hands, and with a gift of music at his finger tips such as none had possessed since the days of Liszt and Rubinstein, no wonder Paris fell eagerly, London cautiously, America spontaneously. The gods had given him every gift. Most precious gift of all, they had caused him to be born in an era when musicians were still the adored ones along with royalty. They moved like emperors, their tantrums were suffered like those of princes. The cinema star, from the gutters of the earth, had not arisen to make multitudes of women swoon and hold up the traffic in the capitals of Europe. Paderewski faded just as the screen eclipsed the keyboard. There will be nothing like it again. It is safe to say there will be no hair like it again. His wife seemed to have known that it was the visible sign of godhead. "She believed in it with fervour, as though convinced that something of his art would be lost if anyone else touched his hair. In the morning, on getting up, Paderewski would wait until she was ready to do his hair; and in later years, even when they did not share the same bedroom, he would wait until she came into his room to attend to her self-imposed duty. She did it lovingly, carefully, with the hands of an expert, and in the evening before going to bed she would come and do his hair again. She herself washed it; she would not even allow anyone else to cut it; trimming it herself, and carefully collecting the cut hair, which was never thrown away."

All throughout his life Paderewski seems to have commanded this personal devotion. His magnetism was as great off the platform as on it, and who can ever forget what that magnetism was when the elegant figure sat before the keyboard? There are modern wretches who question whether he was a great pianist. I fervently swear he was. But the whole world knows he was something more—a great man. How readily one falls into the past tense, as if talking of a man who has gone to his Valhalla.

I am sorry M. Landau, in his very interesting and vivid book, has not given us more of the early Paderewski. The material was perhaps too meagre. The legend of an early struggle, of a fight with intense poverty, of a heart stricken with grief, is not in accordance with the facts. He loved and lost early, but loved again richly. Success came to him rapidly and fully. From twenty-eight onwards the beautiful women of Europe almost went on their knees before him. Emperors, presidents, and queens received him as a reigning monarch. The Peace Conference, inclined to smile, fell before his charm, was impressed by his passion and moved by his arguments.

One of the most interesting chapters in this book is that in which the author visits the old lion at his Swiss home at Rion Bosson. His last vision of Paderewski is of the master standing in the doorway of his house, bowing, "with a gesture of incomparable grace." That phrase sums up the attraction that Paderewski has exerted across the face of the earth. He was always something more than the master of a keyboard, a man with a mane of hair. He was the most romantic actor our age had ever seen, and yet he never acted. The world was indeed his stage, and the keyboard the instrument with which he conquered it. He will survive in the memory of men despite the hairdressing, the hand-kissing, or a frustrated Premiership. M. Landau is a very honest biographer, and his judgment is rarely warped by hero-worship.

Before I write a word about **Craziways, Europe, by Ferdinand Tuohy (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.)**, let me declare at the outset that this is to be praise of a colleague in this paper. I met Mr. Tuohy long before I encountered him in the pages of THE SPHERE, on a very restless boat in the middle of the North Sea some fifteen years ago He was an astonishingly well-informed young man then. Those fifteen lost years have carried him all over Europe, and I have read with growing and glowing admiration his accounts of the human animal in his native setting. He is the Dr. Dillon *de nos jours*. He is fearless, he has a brilliant pen and a devastating sense of humour. He contrives to get into curious and hot corners but to keep his senses cool and his fountain pen flowing. In this most readable book, in which he declines to have a list of chapters, he tells us of Hitler, Horst-Wessel, white elephants, Red virgins, the cost of living abroad, the danger of it, of Danes eating, Spaniards bull-fighting, of cocottes, sunbathing, the League of Nations in *rigor mortis*, the ramp of rebuilt Europe, and of archangels and mass credulity.

There is nothing to which Mr. Tuohy turns his eye that does not open up into strange wonders, like slow-motion pictures of exotic plants. He has almost a mania for curious knowledge. He will explain the economic basis of Liechtenstein or, still more wonderful, the economics of those German *Wandervogels* who can live for three months on £6 and see more of Europe than any millionaire with a corps of Cook's couriers. "Some form of guitar or ukelele is as essential with our new nomads as are cooking and washing gadgets and a blanket. Often for a song, food or lodging will be forthcoming, and what voices some of these youths have, yodelling apart, and how good-looking they can be in their bronzed freshness!" Mr. Tuohy is also a student of Troglopolis. He can tell you all about the people who live in caves, as well as of those who live in cabarets. The devout had better avoid his chapter on miracles and cures. It reads like a transcription from the Dark Ages. He went all over Europe in a small, open car with a large, open mind. The result is this book, which I shall not lend to anyone, for he has led the life I have always wanted to live, always hope to live; and it will serve as a spur when I grow faint in the hope of travel.

Who was Prince Eugène? The answer is that he was a man who was ignored by Louis XIV and who created the Austro-Hungarian Empire. He was a contemporary of Marlborough, a great general, a fighter of campaigns all over Europe, a vanquisher of the terrible Turks whose encroachments filled Europe with terror. He was a man many-sided in his gifts. He collected a great library, and, what is more, he read it. He amassed great wealth, lived in a wonderful palace, kept a splendid menagerie, but he was always alone. A strange figure indeed, who is forgotten in history largely because he neglected to have a mistress—a sure recommendation to the biographers. **Herr Paul Frischauer** has given us a companion picture to Churchill's *Marlborough* in **Prince Eugène (Gollancz. 16s.)**. The background is a Europe seething with unrest, at the mercy of adventurers, the Turk advancing on Vienna. "I do not merely admire Prince Eugène," wrote Marlborough to his wife; "I have a great affection for him as well." Herr Frischauer makes an exciting story of these forgotten campaigns and he has invaded a cul-de-sac of history and found much treasure. The man who humbled Le Roi Soleil has been strangely neglected.

Every page of **Mr. Ivor Brown's** vigorous onslaught on the Sewer School of Modern Literature, of which the high priests are Joyce and Lawrence, has made me whoop with joy. In **I Commit to the Flames (Hamilton. 7s. 6d.)** Mr. Brown has said a few plain things with force to the Precious Ones of Bloomsbury who hate rhyme, reason, and respectability. "We were submerged in the new pessimism of disintegration, smothered in the chaos of cacophonous poetry, smash and grab politics, amorphous sculpture, and instinctive philosophy with its preposterous outfit of sexual hallucinations and sexual symbols. The Exodus from Intelligence was well under way. Here was the Promised Land flowing with Freud and Lawrence, Lady Chatterley its Lady Bountiful. The crusade for Caliban was established." It is heartening to observe that at last the tide is turning. Ever since 1918 we have been deluged with the proclamations of pundits urging life without repressions, and liberty in Leicester Square. The Huxleys have sung the hormones, and all that Elinor Glyn achieved in *Three Weeks* was compressed into three minutes.

"The trouble in the present case," observes Mr. Brown, "is that the Friends of Reason seem to possess as much faculty for logic as Mr. Lawrence's orgiastic and belly-conscious Indians." Any reader of the claptrap that passes for very modern poetry must be aware that a corybantic negro has suggested the phallic crusade which inspires most modern poets, and the advanced novel is a cultural link with the Zoo. How near to filth and insanity we have been carried, in the name of artistic freedom, Mr. Brown's outspoken and vigorous book will reveal. No wonder dazed humanity has taken up the group movement, applied the methods of American salesmanship to salvation, and called it an Oxford movement. America has given us jazz, cocktails, cinema captions, Buchman, T. S. Eliot, and Ezra Pound. We have failed to give it Epstein. Well, we are waking up at last, and Mr. Brown's book may be only the first in a drastic accounting. It may be that the doom has been sounded of those writers who have been going *from bed to worse*.

In **The Jew To-day (Nicholson and Watson. 8s. 6d.), Mr. Sidney Dark** does not defend the Jew, he defends the truth. He meets the loose and common accusation that the Jew, by reason of his international ramifications, is a menace to civilization and to nationality. He makes nonsense of the charge by proving, I think, that of all races the Jew, his creed apart, has less unity than any other. He takes Mr. Hilaire Belloc to task and examines his tract against Jewry. We are most of us unconsciously anti-Jewish. Mr. Dark's pertinent book should be read before rushing to the baiting-ground.

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On page 180 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

# WINTER in SCOTLAND

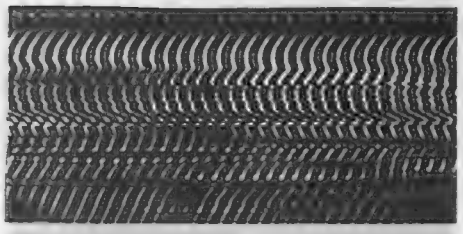
THE SUMMIT OF BEN LAOIGH NEAR TYNDRUM, PERTHSHIRE: The great northern couloir of this mountain provides excellent sport for climbers, and in some places overhanging rocks have to be negotiated before the summit ridge is reached. Winter climbing is extremely popular in Scotland at the moment, chiefly because of the various hostels which have been established for the benefit of enthusiasts

*On left*—BEN NARNAIN: A popular climb near Arrochar, Dumbartonshire. The central fissure, at the summit of which two figures are seen standing, is known as the Jamblock Chimney. In the background are Ben Lomond and Loch Lomond

THE ENTRANCE TO GLENCOE, NORTHERN ARGYLLSHIRE: Glencoe has been described by many writers. Macaulay called it "the very valley of the shadow of death," and Dickens wrote in 1841: "In amongst these rocks, on one side of the pass, there are scores of glens high up, which form such haunts as you might imagine wandering in in the very height and madness of a fever. They will live in my dreams for years"

# SCULPTURE BY CAMERA

(1) THE FIRST STAGE IN THE MAKING OF A PHOTOGRAPHIC SCULPTURE: A thin ray of light is directed on to the face of the sitter, and outlines the contours of his features. The ray is then photographed by a rapid-fire shutterless camera placed at an angle of 30 degrees



(2) SOME OF THE 456 EXPOSURES TAKEN BY THE CAMERA, each of which reveals the contours of the head at a slightly different angle

(3) THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINT OF THE CONTOURS IS THEN ENLARGED and pasted on a thin sheet of aluminium. This girl is seen numbering the sections so that they may be identified after they have been divided up

## A Remarkable Japanese Invention

By KIMPEI SHEBA

*(Sunday Editor of the "Japan Times," Tokyo)*

Just as the invention of photography gave the world a means of recording on a flat plane what the eye beholds, so has a Japanese invention brought to perfection, after years of exhaustive research and experimentation, a practical means of recording objects in three dimensions in the form of sculpture.

Briefly explained this remarkable invention operates in the following manner: Imagine a hairline ray of light striking the face of a person sitting in a revolving chair in a darkened room. At an angle of 30 degrees from the apparatus which diffuses the ray a rapid-fire shutterless camera photographs the reflection of the ray at the rate of 1,600 exposures a minute, or as fast as a machine gun operating at top speed. Let us now imagine that the chair revolves around completely in about four seconds. If everything has functioned in order, we should have a film on which there are approximately 456 exposures.

Note in picture No. 2 on this page the profiles of a human face, showing how the camera has photographed the reflection of the hairline ray from an angle of thirty degrees. If these profiles were to be enlarged, cut out, and strung together in a radial form, they would comprise an object which would, with photographic accuracy, be a reproduction of the subject in three dimensions. This invention's most conspicuous contribution to science is undoubtedly the fact that it replaces the human element entirely in the making of sculptures where exact likeness is more important than the artistic element.

In the shutterless camera which Mr. Morioka has invented as part of his device to make photo-sculptures, a spool of film is wound automatically from left to right, with a gadget on the right side of the lens. As the film moves a rod on the gadget strikes it in rapid succession, at the rate of 1,600 per minute. When this rod strikes the film, it forces the film to move at a rate thirty times as fast as it does ordinarily, or so fast that it is impossible for an image to impress itself on the film.

Then, in between the split-second when the rod comes back to strike again, the film remains stationary and records the image which is reflected on it through the lens. Then it is struck by the rod again and this process is repeated 456 times.

After the film is developed an enormous enlargement is made. This print is pasted on a thin aluminium board. Then a jig-saw operator cuts out each of these impressions. This done, the pieces that were cut out are strung together in a radial form. When the radial is completed we have, for the first time, an accurate image of the subject in three dimensions.

At this stage the photo-sculpture is a crude, unfinished product. Paraffin is poured over this figure to fill in the spaces between the plates, and to smooth the surface of the entire statuary. This done, the figure is taken to another studio where it is retouched, just as a photographic negative is retouched. Then a clay or gypsum mould of the figure is taken, and from this any number of bronze copies may be made.

(4) A JIG-SAW OPERATOR then cuts out each section of the aluminium sheet

(5) THE ALUMINIUM SECTIONS ARE STRUNG TOGETHER in proper rotation and the image begins to take shape

(6) THE CRUDE IMAGE FORMED BY THE PLACING TOGETHER OF THE SECTIONS is next given a surface; all the spaces between the aluminium plates being filled in

(7) TOUCHING UP: A studio assistant adding the final details which give the figure character and a life-like appearance

(8) A COMPLETED BUST of Viscount Saito, the Japanese Prime Minister. After a clay or gypsum mould has been taken, any number of bronze copies can be made

(9) PRINCE IYESATO TOKUGAWA: Another prominent Japanese personality of whom a bust has been made by the new process

# DANGER BESETS THE BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

*Drawn by D. Macpherson*

This diagrammatic picture shows Admiral Byrd's ship, the *Jacob Ruppert*, in her perilous position amid the moving bay-ice. Her plates have been dented, and weighted timbers and bales of rope have been lowered along her side in order to protect her from ice pressure. The ice has evidently been piling up around her, and the ship has had to shift her station twice. On Tuesday it was stated that the forty-four members of the expedition, who had been cut off in their temporary camp on the bay-ice, were engaged in a desperate race against time, endeavouring to save the food supply endangered by the breaking of the bay-ice. A wide lane had opened between the camp and the unloading depot which was presumably close to the ship. The bay-ice was reported to be breaking up rapidly

Following the disaster to the Ellsworth Expedition in the Bay of Whales, news has come that the Byrd Expedition is also in danger in the same place and in much the same conditions. A fortnight ago it was reported how Ellsworth had landed his 'plane on unbroken and apparently land-fast sea-ice lying between his ship and the Great Ross Barrier, but the wind veered and the in-running swell broke up the ice into small floes between which the 'plane dropped through and suffered irreparable damage. It is now Admiral Byrd's turn to be in difficulty, and many must naturally ask if the two American expeditions may not perhaps have chosen a specially dangerous and unsuitable place for their base.

The Bay of Whales was so named by Shackleton in January, 1908. He had hoped to make his winter quarters at Barrier Inlet (Balloon Bight), seen by him when under Scott on the *Discovery* in 1902. But the bight was unexpectedly gone, and Shackleton found its place taken by a very wide bay, where whales showed their dorsal fins and sounded. "We named this place the Bay of Whales as it was a veritable playground for these monsters." In the six-year interval the Barrier, so long thought to be solid and enduring, had partly broken adrift; at any moment it might do so again. Shackleton's ship was distant about six or seven miles from the Barrier, the space between being filled by unbroken sea-ice, "bay-ice" as it is sometimes called. It was probably the intervening ice which decided Shackleton as much as the danger of the Barrier again breaking up. He had to cross seven miles of unstable ground to reach a region perhaps equally unsafe. Shackleton made his decision; he put his ship about and sought winter quarters elsewhere. A few years later Amundsen decided that parts of the Ross Barrier were aground at the Bay of Whales, that any possible break-up would be gradual and that a large base some miles inland was not unsafe. He was 80 miles nearer the Pole. It was a risk worth taking and Framheim was established 3 miles from the Barrier edge. All went well. Then came Byrd's Expedition in 1929, and, following Amundsen, he also wintered on the Barrier—but at three times the distance farther inland. Framheim had disappeared, perhaps broken away, perhaps merely buried under deep snow. It seemed, therefore, that Amundsen and Byrd were justified and Shackleton unduly cautious. Events this year may reverse this view and the intervening sea-ice is perhaps the decisive factor.

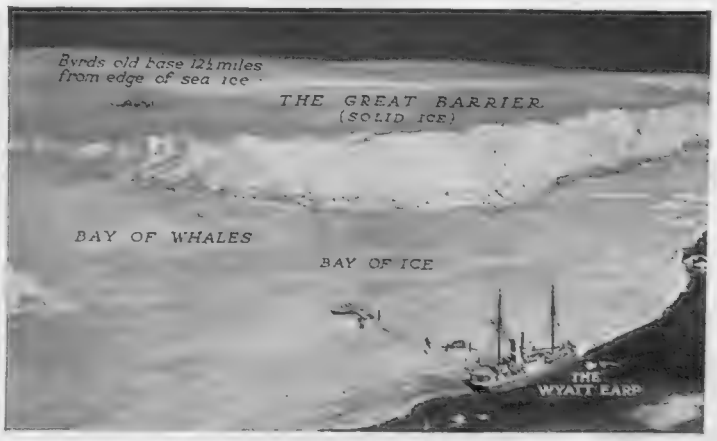
There are two completely different ice formations to contend with—the barrier ice and the winter sea-ice (the so-called "bay-ice") lying unbroken and fast along the Barrier edge. The Ross Barrier is a great expanse of floating glacier of a type called shelf-ice, stretching no less than 300 miles south towards the Pole, more than twice the size of England and Wales and practically level. Seawards it ends in cliffs which average 100 feet in height. It is not stationary; it slowly moves, and finally portions break off; in this way great tabular bergs sometimes as much as 20 miles in length are formed. More than one expedition has seen slices of barrier breaking off, and knows the danger if one is near the edge. Shackleton wrote of these bergs calving and drifting back against the Ross Barrier. "The seriousness of this situation can be well realized by the reader if he imagines for a moment that he is in a small boat right under the vertical white cliffs of Dover; that detached cliffs are moving in from seaward slowly but surely, with stupendous force and resistless power, and that it will only be a question of perhaps an hour or two before the two masses come into contact with his tiny craft between."

Last Monday, on arriving in New Zealand, Ellsworth reported that "in fifteen minutes five miles of the Ross Barrier crumpled." The same day Byrd wirelessed from the Bay of Whales: "Even the Barrier was crumbling." Both use much the same words. Allowing for some imagination, it nevertheless looks as if the Barrier may again be breaking after a period of quiescence, and that the conditions which in 1908 produced a Bay of Whales from the smaller Balloon Bight are now, if the reports are true, being repeated.

J. M. Wordie

*(The author was Chief of Staff of the Shackleton Antarctic Expedition of 1914-17)*

THREE JERSEY COWS were on board the Byrd Expedition ship when she left New Zealand for the fateful Bay of Whales. They were the gift of the Guernsey Cattle Club.




THE FATE OF THE LINCOLN-ELLSWORTH EXPEDITION: This expedition, to which we referred in a recent issue, has returned to New Zealand, having given up its attempt to fly the Antarctic Continent after the accident to its big 'plane on a broken floe. The Byrd Expedition has been in jeopardy at practically the same spot

"CLIVE OF INDIA": Leslie Banks as Robert Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife in a scene from the successful historical drama which began its run at Wyndham's last week. Mr. R. J. Minney, who has written the play in collaboration with Mr. W. P. Lipscomb, has frequently contributed to "The Sphere"

It was, I think, Mr. E. V. Lucas who, on being asked what was the most lordly, the most magnificent sentence he ever listened to, replied that it was a remark overheard in a club. "This morning," drawled one of our legislators to a friend over the dinner-table, "they offered me India!"

That is indeed an offer on a large scale. Lakhs of rupees, elephants by the thousand, rich jewels, millions of black people, princes and pearl necklaces—a whole continent with the hidden mysteries of the centuries as its history—it is a satisfying gift, if only a gift in trust, to a middle-aged man in a dinner jacket who complains that the club port is not what it was and wonders why the committee do not sack the chef.

*Clive of India*, a play for and about empire-builders, brought this anecdote to mind. Any good patriotic Englishman in the stalls at Wyndham's may feel that he can, vicariously, "a province wear upon his little finger." For here is big stuff. Clive himself says, in effect, that if he is given by the stupid dodderers of the old East India Company only one hundred men he can "save India." At another moment he is about to "lose India" because it has started to rain at a moment when he did not want it to rain.

India, rupees, elephants, nabobs and all, seems fated to depend on such tiny things for the guidance of its destiny. Even if our Socialists to-day resent the simile, it seems an almost ludicrous example of the triumph of mind over matter, like the tiny farm-boy who rides a lumbering cart-horse.

BINNIE BARNES, who is playing one of the leading parts in Rita John's revue, *Yours Sincerely*, which is now having a preliminary run in the provinces

We can leave to Macaulay and the Encyclopædia the historical aspects of Clive, who was a great man and has his statue in the Mall. The authors of this play, Messrs. Lipscomb and Minney, do not neglect their history and manage to make a workable play at the same time. The play was originally intended for Drury Lane, which would have found in it a startling change from a policy, shortly to be altered, of a strictly non-imperial type; for this is uncompromisingly British. It would have fitted ill the libretto and music of the Harbachs and the Kerns and the Hammersteins, and real elephants, realistic monsoons, and battles, and ballets of native dancers would have swamped its significance.

In its present form *Clive of India* is not spectacular, though it has a huge cast, and very beautiful scenery by Mr. Laurence Irving, grandson of Sir Henry. It is the life of a hero in a series of unconnected scenes which, none the less, dove-tail into each other sufficiently well to prevent its being merely a procession of sketchy episodes. Mrs. Clive binds it together, just as the week before Mrs. Carlyle bound the Carlyle play together. Whenever Clive is not defying his employers as a very young man, or defying the House of Commons as a middle-aged man, or saving India, or tricking most vilely some coloured gentlemen, or getting excited (and very verbose) before Plassey, the placid Mrs. Clive is ready with good advice and soothing hands on his forehead and a shawl.

There are too many of those domestic scenes, and they are too like each other. But the bottom would fall out of the play without them, for Clive's heroics and bad temper would not cement it. The more subtle side of the drama is not Clive's attempt to win India for England so much as Mrs. Clive's attempt to win Clive for herself. She was playing a losing game. She hated India, which had robbed her of two of her children; and although she seemed to win in the end, with her husband in her arms, his head bloody but unbowed after his impeachment, and a prospect of long rest and recreation—a trip abroad, perhaps, but not to India—we know that she did not, and that opium shortly afterwards doubled him up for ever. But the constant alarums and excursions about India had been for long rather too suggestive of the old riddle—

"Went to India.

"Didn't go there.

"Came back because it stopped there."

An end that was settled and not perplexing was therefore the more welcome; if there was here *suppressio veri* there was no *suggestio falsi*.

This is far more than a piece of sound play-making on historical lines. It is not a great play; but it is a play of valuable ideas, without fustian on the one hand or literary pretentiousness on the other. Its characters do not talk stilted nonsense, even if they talk too much.

Mr. Leslie Banks cleverly suggested the stubborn courage of Clive, his surliness, his utter lack of any of the nicer scruples, his tenderness towards his wife (who came a bad second to India in his estimation), his contempt of the selfish stupidity of the East India Company, and his nobility in misfortune. If Mr. Banks preserved the same grim expression throughout, we cannot say that Clive himself was not grim. He certainly had enough to make him so.

Miss Gillian Lind was womanly, adoring, and adorable as his wife; she had to adopt the form of nagging, disguised beneath saccharine molly-coddling which exasperates any husband, above all, a husband who is a bit of a hero, a bit of a genius and also a bit of a cad. But, as I have said, she had a case.

We had a Sheridanesque scene and another that seemed to be drifting near Eden Phillpotts; but no one beyond Mr. Banks and Miss Lind had much chance of distinguishing themselves. Mr. Frank Petley as an old admiral, Miss Buena Bent as a housekeeper, and Mr. Louis Goodrich as the Governor of the East India Company all put in good work.

THE TIVOLI MUSIC HALL AS IT WAS IN THE 'NINETIES reconstructed at the Gaumont screen version of *Evergreen*. Jessie Matthews is seen in the centre

**"East Lynne."**—From the East India Company to *East Lynne* is a good deal further than the distance from Wyndham's to the Little Theatre. The old play has been revived in order to get laughs, and I heard a fair number of them at the performance I attended. So far the venture is justified. Why there should have been any preliminary suggestion that the piece was to be played seriously I do not know. The atmosphere of burlesque was in the very proscenium and scenery and in the idea that here was a "fit-up" company in some out-of-the-way place giving a benefit performance for their actor-manager, one Irving Garrick. Not at all a bad idea, too.

But I do most emphatically disagree with the notion put forward widely of late, that *East Lynne* would be much funnier if played by bad actors who were *not* playing for laughs. Perhaps it is because it is part of my business to see with dreadful frequency much worse plays than *East Lynne*, played

# DRAMA and FILMS of TO-DAY

## "Clive of India"—A Play for and about Empire-Builders : If Elisabeth Bergner Played in "East Lynne"? : Dorothy Hyson Proves Her Ability in "Saturday's Children" at the Westminster

### By PHILIP PAGE

by actors and actresses in London in 1934, who are much worse than they think they are (and who couldn't be much worse than I think they are), that I consider this form of alleged hilarity an experience that is gloomy in the extreme. Occasionally a mistake in acting or a pompously foolish line will prompt a chuckle from even the best-dispositioned spectator. But to set out to a play in the hope that it will be so bad that it is funny is a diversion for the very young or the very offensive, or both.

itish Studios, Shepherd's Bush, for the the stage

I do not consider *East Lynne* at all a bad play, apart from its old-fashioned technique and its stilted phraseology. Its plot is melodramatic but not impossible, and, crude though it was, it is infinitely less crude than the dramas upon which Hollywood spends millions of dollars and which millions of people flock to the cinemas to see. Glance at the illustrated advertisements of the latest "sob-compelling epic that is drawing the tears of the world" (or words to that effect) and you will get a flavour of a banality of which poor, ridiculed Mrs. Henry Wood could never have been capable.

At the same time, I am not pleading that there is anything sacrosanct about *East Lynne*, or, for that matter, any play, barring a very very few. If it had to be burlesqued, it is better to go the whole hog, as has been done at the Little Theatre, and get the burlesque performed by a capable company. It takes a good actor successfully to pretend to be a very bad one. That is why Mr. Edgar K. Bruce's Sir Francis Levison was a masterpiece of comic villainy. Mr. Walter Fitzgerald, as the much-tried hero, Archibald Carlyle, was even better. His grey frock-coat and his golden whiskers helped the absurdity; but it needs both experience and the true instinct for foolery to make every gesture just a little wrong, to say every line with the right amount of false emphasis.

The fun was broadened by songs and dances of the most deliberately ridiculous description. With all respect to the programme note, performances of *East Lynne* in the 'nineties took place without these additions. In themselves the songs were often funny; but they emphasized the fact that the old drama, left to itself, is a sincere and human piece of work. The line "Dead—and he never called me mother" is regarded as a stock instance of maudlin futility. But is it? I think not—though not even Elisabeth Bergner could "get away with it" now. Or could she?

It would be an even more interesting venture to perform *East Lynne* in all seriousness with some re-writing here and there, the most brilliant cast obtainable, and the Bergner as Lady Isobel. But even so little Willie would be a problem.

"Saturday's Children"—a domestic comedy of the alleged pretty-pretty type, which has reached the Westminster Theatre from America, is inferior to *East Lynne* and has much more irritating children in it than little Willie.

SHAKESPEARE'S "HENRY V" AT THE ALHAMBRA: The Duke of Exeter (Basil Gill) tells the King (Godfrey Tearle) of the death of the Earl of Suffolk on the field of Agincourt

The two "children" in question — one is a young clerk and the other a still younger employee in the same firm—spend Act I in making up their minds to get married, Act II in squabbling good and hard in the kitchen of their home, and Act III in reconciliation. As there is no prospect that their attitude towards each other — i.e., love without a farthing's worth of either gumption or humour — is likely to change, that third act is by no means final, although it brings the curtain down. It could easily have been followed by Act IV showing another quarrel, and Act V another reconciliation. And so on, *ad infinitum*. But the author's inspiration, which had never flowed other than viscously, had mercifully given out, and it was getting on for eleven o'clock. The girl was the more attractive of the two. She was a decent little soul who wanted a baby (or who pretended to, in order to keep her husband near her), and who declared that she was able to earn her own living, for she was exasperated by her husband's cubbishness, and was bored with washing up the pots and pans.

In the last scene the young wife had fled to a Bloomsbury bedroom, where she received from a rich admirer the economical present of a bolt and a screwdriver, presumably so that she could lock him out if his admiration became too warm. He had not thought of the window; but as it was only the husband who climbed through that, *Saturday's Children* was able to reach a respectable, if thoroughly inconclusive, ending. Miss Dorothy Hyson is a clever little actress and, of course, deliciously pretty. Miss Joyce Barbour contributed, with point, some cynical advice as her elder sister, and in Mr. Edward Irwin she had a dear old philosophical father.

KURT JOOSS, who is appearing in C. B. Cochran's production of *Ballets Jooss* at the Gaiety

"GOD, THE BEST MAKER OF ALL MARRIAGES, COMBINE YOUR HEARTS IN ONE, YOUR REALMS IN ONE": Henry V (Godfrey Tearle) and Katharine (Yvonne Arnaud) in the betrothal scene in Shakespeare's *Henry V* at the Alhambra

CONSTANTINE SIMONIDES, the Greek text expert. He was a contemporary of Herr Tischendorf, and came into violent collision with him over the authenticity of the Codex. This portrait is taken from *The Life of Simonides*, written by his friend, Charles Stewart, who sought to vindicate Simonides of a charge of forgery

# ENTER THE GREEK CHURCH. . . .

## The Codex Comedia Enters Upon a New Stage with the Claim from Sinai

The strange case of the Codex Sinaiticus continues to grow in interest, and in circles far removed from Bloomsbury the Codex (often pronounced *Kodak*) is discussed from many angles. As a contribution to this matter, we present to our readers a portrait of the very extraordinary character, Constantine Simonides, so easily labelled forger in higher textual circles. That he was a very clever student of ancient MSS., with a very quick perception of the value of old documents, would appear to be certain. He was once distinctly accused of forging a document—the Uranius—but was acquitted at Leipzig, and he had an efficient apologist in his friend, Charles Stewart, who published a life of him in 1859.

"The sole object of the following pages," Stewart wrote, "is to vindicate the reputation of a friend. . . . He (Simonides) has on all occasions borne out the character assigned to him in his letters of introduction, that of being a gentleman of the most unblemished honour."

Mr. Stewart, in a letter, described Simonides thus: "He was one of the most remarkable looking men I have ever seen. Rather under the middle stature, he appeared bodily to be nothing but bones and muscles, but it was not his body but his head that was remarkable. Immense black whiskers, moustache, and imperial, huge black eyebrows, an enormous mass of jet-black glossy and curly hair . . . deep-sunk but fiery and piercing eyes . . . massive lips . . . made up a face not easily forgotten. But the forehead is in itself a marvel. For about the height of an ordinary forehead it rises perpendicularly, and is exactly what a phrenologist would call a finely developed organization, but above rises a second forehead, only the second storey takes its rise one step farther back than the first."

The whole of Mr. Stewart's book is of interest at the present time, but at the moment we must content ourselves with the following notes extracted from the volume:

Simonides was born either in 1820 or 1824. In 1839 he joined his uncle who for some years had been living in the Monastery of the Holy Martyr Panteleimon on Mount Athos. Benedict had aided the monks in many ways and had become their spiritual head, and owing to the great influence he had obtained over them he became possessed of many valuable Greek MSS. and also discovered a secret library. Benedict's eyes having become weak he instructed his nephew in the art of palæography. In 1839 Benedict wished to make a present to the Tsar and decided on a copy of the Testaments. In August, 1840, Benedict died, leaving a large number of manuscripts discovered in the monastery to his nephew.

THE TSAR ALEXANDER II to whom Herr Tischendorf presented the Codex

In Athens Simonides submitted some of his MSS. to various Greek professors, only one of whom criticized them adversely. These MSS. were subsequently bought by the British Museum and pronounced genuine by Sir Frederick Madden.

In 1852 he travelled intensively, and traversed the whole of Asia Minor. In 1855 he went to Leipzig and became intimate with many German professors, notably with Anger and Dindorf. "The preference given to the two latter gentlemen," observes Charles Stewart, "appears to have given considerable annoyance to Professor Tischendorf, and hence arose a jealousy that was most unfavourable to Tischendorf."

He was arrested for trying to pass off the Uranius MS. but was acquitted and came once more to England.

Simonides, one learns from extracts from the *Athenæum* of February 23, 1856, "appeared suddenly at Athens and offered a mass of the rarest MSS. of lost works and some very important MSS. of the classics, all very ancient. He said his uncle had discovered them in a monastery on Mount Athos, he had carried them away secretly, and there were still more left behind. He was very mysterious and spoke always of his enemies and spies." The Greek Government instituted a commission to examine the MSS. and a favourable report was made, only one dissentient voice being raised.

Another interesting development is the appearance of the Greek Church upon the horizon of the discussion. One of its officials has pointed out that now, alas, the historic Eastern Church has no Codex of its own. The situation lies thus:

**The Roman Church** possesses the Codex Vaticanus.

**The Anglican Church:** The Codex Alexandrinus, and perhaps incompletely the Codex Sinaiticus.

**The Greek Church:** None.

It was announced early this week that the Archbishop of Sinai was about to send a demand or request for the return of the Codex to the monks of Mount Sinai. This claim was duly received at the British Museum, who have made an immediate official reply, quoting a letter from the Tischendorf family presumably recently received. The Archbishop of Sinai is acting for an independent body allied to the Greek Church, but in no way connected with the Russian Orthodox Church either now or in the past.

And at this point it is of interest to note that the Tsar of Russia, Alexander II, is almost invariably qualified by some ascription when the narrative of Herr Tischendorf's acquisition is being told. The official appeal just issued refers to him as "head of the Orthodox Church"; a special booklet, *Story of the Codex Sinaiticus* describes him as the Protector of the Christian Churches in the East. Sir Frederick Kenyon uses "the Protector of the Greek Church, or the Patron of the Greek Church." Dr. Tischendorf, very anxious to give every colour he could to his desire to acquire the MS., makes use of the phrases, "the Emperor of the Greek and Orthodox Churches" and "the natural protector of the Greek Orthodox Faith."

In reality the monks of Mount Sinai had nothing to do with the Tsar of Russia, who was not the head of the Greek Church. It is a mistake, we are informed, generally made in Germany.

The official title of the Orthodox Eastern Church is "The Holy Orthodox Catholic Apostolic Eastern Church," and in the old days this title applied to the Church which included the Patriarchate of Antioch, of Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Constantinople. As time went on a great many more churches joined, and in the early part of the present century there were twelve, and if one adds the Bulgarian Church which was in schism, thirteen churches, varying a little as to actual detail, using their own language in Divine Service, and united as equals in Ecclesiastical federation. First and foremost there was the Great Church under the Patriarch of Constantinople who was the most exalted among the ecclesiasts of the Eastern Church, his rule extending over Asia Minor, European Turkey, Greece, and a small part of Austria. There was constant friction between the various churches and especially between the Orthodox Church of Russia and the Patriarch of Constantinople who considered that he should be the head of all Orthodox believers and looked on the Russian Synod as his greatest enemy.

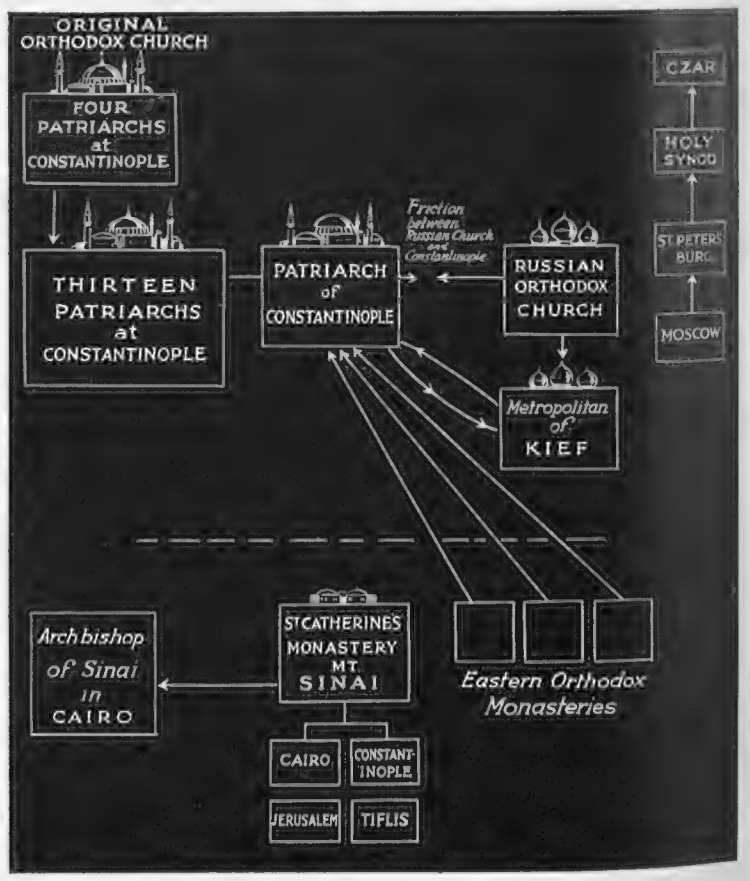
Russia had become Orthodox early in the ninth century when Vladimir, Prince of Kiev, who had hesitated for some time as to which religion he would adopt, finally decided to be baptised into Christianity in its Byzantine form. The Metropolitan of Kiev was added to the Patriarchate of Constantinople and the Byzantine Liturgy was read in old Russian, or what is now termed "Church Slavonic." When, after the Mongol invasion, the Princes of Russia made Moscow their centre, another Metropolitan was established in that city, and the Patriarch Jeremiah II was forced to acknowledge the latter as Patriarch and to declare the Russian Church no longer subject to the Church of Constantinople.

When Peter the Great in 1689 once more changed the capital of Russia and moved it to St. Petersburg, he made drastic reforms, not only in the State, but in the Church, bringing the latter under the power of the civil Government. He abolished the Patriarchate of Moscow and established the Holy Synod, giving them power to rule the Church of Russia and forcing the Patriarch of Constantinople to acknowledge them as his "Sister in Christ." In time the Holy Synod became the most powerful ecclesiastical body in the world, all monasteries, convents, metropolitans, and bishops being under its jurisdiction.

"No Sovereign," the Rev. Adrian Fortescue says in his book, *The Orthodox Eastern Church* (re-issued 1929), "has ever been more absolute Master of a Church than the Tsar," and yet, though the Russian Church was governed by Imperial Ukase, and though the Tsar was the First Believer and Defender of the Faith, the Russians would not recognize him as Head of the Church, but would always declare that the Head of the Church was the Saviour and no other.

In the Orthodox monasteries the monks follow the rule of St. Basil, and each monastery is independent of all the others, most of them being under the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan, a few of the greater ones being subject to the Patriarch only. ***Mount Sinai is, however, not subservient even to the Patriarch, but is recognized as an Independent Church, with its own Archbishop, who lives in Cairo.*** The Archbishop of Sinai has been and still is consecrated in Jerusalem, but formerly he obeyed that Patriarch and came under his jurisdiction. The great distances, however, led to endless complications, and after a great deal of discussion it was finally decided that Sinai should be independent of any authority, and that the Archbishop should be supreme master of his Church. The Convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai is enormously wealthy, and has sister or daughter houses in many different parts, notably in Cairo, Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Tiflis.

Most authorities state that the brethren of Mount Sinai belong to the Order of St. Anthony, but Duke John George of Saxony in his book, *Das Katherinen Kloster* (1910), declares that this is inaccurate and that, like most other Orthodox monasteries, the monks follow the Order of St. Basil. They are ruled by three brethren, the Wakyl, who represents the Archbishop, the Oikonomus (or Abbot), and the Librarian. The Oikonomus is head of the monastery, but he must govern according to the rules of St. Basil, and in most monasteries he is assisted by a parliament of elder monks. It was to a young Athenian Oikonomus that Herr Tischendorf owed his first vision of the Codex in that strange interview in the monastery cell.




THE SEPARATION BETWEEN THE RUSSIAN ORTHODOX AND THE GREEK CHURCH: This diagram has been specially prepared in order to show in graphic form how the monks of St. Catherine's Monastery had no connection with the Russian Orthodox Church. It is therefore a matter for considerable amazement that Tischendorf should have presented the Codex to the Tsar

# HIGH NECKS OR LOW?

## The Tudor Corsage Makes a Tentative Appearance

After a season of necklines swathed high around the throat there are indications that we shall again wear evening dresses cut low across the front. There is more than a suggestion of the Tudor period in the square, very frank corsages. A wide sash is swathed round the waist and emphasizes the moulding of the skirt. Lanvin's statuesque model is seen above, with its closely stitched cape attached to the corsage by two large buttons

An alliance of lustrous white satin and silver fox in a beautiful ensemble from Lucile Paray. Here again the low décolleté is seen beneath a large fur-bordered bow, and the softly swathed folds at the waist emphasize the curve of the hips. The sac coat is delicately quilted, the lines of stitching forming a decorative design

A cape of leaf-patterned lamé on an exquisitely cut black velvet dress. The ends are carried forward to form a belt which is fastened with a bow clasp set with jewels. Lanvin is a supreme artist in the use of contrasting fabrics and combinations of colours. This model is cut on Princess lines and moulds the figure to the knees

# "QUEEN OF THE RIVIERA"

## Monte Carlo — The Mecca of the Pleasure-seeker, the Sportsman, and Those who wish to Rest and Recuperate

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THE TENNIS COURTS at the Country Club of La Festa. *On right*—WHITE WINGS ON GLEAMING WATERS: A yacht race during one of Monte Carlo's winter season regattas

The Riviera has come into its own again, and from all parts of Europe visitors are flocking to its sunlit shores to escape the gloom and cold of winter in their own lands. It is one of the signs of returning prosperity, and one that is very welcome. Each of the well-known winter resorts of the Riviera has its own peculiar charm, but one of these surpasses all the others in beauty of situation, the variety and quality of its attractions, the excellence of its climate, and the luxury and elegance of its hotels—Monte Carlo, the Riviera's "Queen."

You may wander all over the world, but you will never find another Monte Carlo. At this season of the year it is the Mecca alike of the pleasure seeker, the sportsman, and those who wish to rest and recuperate their health in its shelter and sunshine. They find there just what they need, and it is in this really wonderful combination of interests that Monte Carlo has achieved a reputation that is absolutely unique. And, just as it sets out to please all in the matter of its charms, so it endeavours to place these within the reach of all, with a range of hotel prices to suit the most modest as well as the best-filled purses. In Monte Carlo, whilst you can obtain the most luxurious accommodation to be found anywhere, you can also live quite simply, and in either case you will get the best value for your money.

The growth of Monte Carlo is quite a romance. Its site, or rather that of Monaco, attracted those keen traders the Phœnicians, and after them the Greeks, who built a temple, devoted to Heracles, on the headland, and from the Greek surname for Heracles (Monoikos) the name of Monaco is derived. Then, in A.D. 928, the family of Grimaldi, from Genoa, took possession of the tiny State which had sprung up and held it, throughout the ages, siding sometimes with France, sometimes with Austria. The Treaty of Vienna, in 1815, put Monaco under the protection of Sardinia until the year 1861, when it passed under French protection as a Sovereign State, which it remains to-day.

Monte Carlo is one of the three communes into which the State of Monaco is divided, the other two being the old fortified town of Monaco and the port of La Condamine, and it is only within fairly recent years that it has attained the world-wide reputation as a health resort which it possesses to-day. Built on a broad terrace, with an unbroken range of high mountains forming a perfect screen to shelter it from northern winds, and laid out in a most delightful manner with lovely gardens, handsome, palm-lined promenades, and with a perfect beach, Monte Carlo combines great natural beauty with refinements of civilization that serve to enhance it.

A GENERAL VIEW OF MONTE CARLO showing the great barrier of mountains which shelters the houses from the northern winds

GOLF IN IDEAL CONDITIONS: Waiting to drive off from one of the tees of the Monte Carlo Golf Club at Mont Agel

In every respect its ideal situation has been turned to account. On the terraces and in the gardens, where many plants rarely seen outside the tropics thrive in the genial air, there are seats so arranged that they enable you to enjoy the maximum amount of sun; there are numbers of walks that are extremely picturesque, roads admirably designed for motoring, and affording opportunities for viewing magnificent coastal and mountain scenery and visiting neighbouring towns: Nice, Mentone, Cannes, Bordighera, and San Remo, and for motor racing of a high order; and there is a spacious harbour where there is a safe and pleasant anchorage for yachts, and in the sheltered bay outside there are international sailing regattas during the season which give Monte Carlo a decided aspect of summer in winter.

Then, for those who wish to indulge in their favourite form of sport, there is excellent provision in both golf and tennis. As regards the latter, at the wonderfully picturesque Country Club of La Festa, rising upwards in tiers from near the sea, connected by pathways lined with pergolas of flowering creepers and roses, and amidst glorious scenery, there are twenty tennis and two squash rackets courts, and a club house fitted in the most luxurious style both as regards accommodation for players and the comfort of their friends.

On these courts most of the celebrities in the tennis world have played in past seasons, and during the present one many will again be seen figuring in the competitions for the Butler Trophy and the Beaumont Cup. As for golf, there can scarcely be more attractive links in the world than those of the Monte Carlo Golf Club, situated 2,750 ft. above sea level, at Mont Agel, among the magnificent panorama of the Alps. The course, of eighteen holes, is in splendid condition and offers plenty of variety, and in the club house there is a restaurant which has a name on the Riviera for the excellence of its food and wines. It is seven miles to Mont Agel, but there is a very frequent service of cars and the scenery on the journey is delightful.

Monte Carlo is a well-known centre for fencing, and at the tournaments organized by the National Federation of Fencing for Monaco and the Society "L'Escrime et le Pistolet" you see contests between some of the most famous fencers in the world; one of the two tournaments during the present season is for the Olympic teams, and it will include contests with the foil, sabre, and sword, and should prove extremely interesting.

IN A FLORAL SETTING: The famous Casino and its beautifully laid-out gardens

Other attractions are a marvellous marine aquarium, the International Dog Show on March 28 and 29, and various fêtes—of flowers in the day and fireworks at night, when Monte Carlo, illumined, is a dream of beauty.

In the matter of its indoor entertainments, Monte Carlo has reached a standard it would be difficult to beat. It has an opera house, under the patronage of H.S.H. Prince Louis II, which not only gives the standard classics by artists of the finest reputation, but produces new works; a theatre, under the direction of M. René Blum, which stages the successful plays and operettas of the day, and an orchestra and chorus of 180 performers who give performances of modern and classical music which have made Monte Carlo one of the leading centres in the musical world.

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Mrs. Florence Engelbach is holding an exhibition of her paintings at the Lefevre Galleries, King Street, St. James's. One of the most successful modern painters, her assured technique finds expression in flower studies and favours the tradition of the leading Post-Impressionists. In this exhibition there are, in addition to her familiar flower-pieces, some nude studies carried out with her usual vigorous interpretation. A member of the Royal Oil Institute and the National Society, she has been a frequent exhibitor at the Paris Salon, and examples of her work have been purchased by the Contemporary Arts Society, the Birmingham Art Gallery, and the Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mrs. Engelbach is the wife of Mr. C. R. F. Engelbach, O.B.E., Works Director of the Austin Motor Company and this year's President of the Institution of Automobile Engineers.

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## THE WHITEHALL MONSTER

(*Continued from p.* 159)

Embankment it would at least be in scale with Shell-Mex on one side and Thames House on the other, and with the County Hall opposite.

Meanwhile we have to contemplate the possibility of this huge building pushing its way on to the Whitehall pavement, jostling the Banqueting House and dwarfing the Cenotaph. Officialdom will not tell us even the exact site. This building is for the Government, not for London, the British Empire, or the British public. We gather that Whitehall Gardens and Montague House are doomed, and perhaps Richmond Terrace and Gwydyr House, but no inquiries will bring *precise* information. Only certain tenuous second thoughts are adumbrated.

The nearest we can get to facts is through what the architect has said to the *Evening Standard* and a brief statement made by the late chief architect of the Office of Works. From these we learn that the building will have ten or eleven storeys and will be faced with Portland stone on all fronts; it will have an unbroken frontage of 600 ft. down Whitehall, extending probably from behind and beside the Banqueting House to Richmond Terrace, and it will reach back some 300 ft., thus doing away with Whitehall Gardens and Montague House. Its roof will be enlivened with aerial masts. . . .

"Vanity, vanity," saith the preacher, "all is vanity." The Government will have a building bigger than any other in London.

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Mr. Jack Dunn, Swiss Gold Medallist, representing the Park Lane Ice Club, competed in the European Skating Championship held at Innsbruck on January 20 and 21. Mr. Dunn, whose grace and beauty of movement on the ice are so well known to all skaters in London, has, during his present visit to Switzerland, greatly impressed the European experts. This young amateur star is not yet seventeen. It is not easy for boys who have to combine their studies with skating to reach the very highest peaks in their early days. Infinite patience and hours of hard work must go to the making of a champion, however good his natural talent.

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Do. - Grafton H., Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1
Do. - Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbdg., S.W.
Do. - Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do. - Midland Grand H., Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do. - New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2
Do. - Palace H., Bloomsbury St., W.C.1
Do. - Rembrandt H., Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do. - Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do. - Ruskin Manor H., 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do. - South Kensington H., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do. - Stafford Hotel, St. James's Pl., S.W.1
Do. - Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do. - "Trevose," 68/70, Queensboro' Ter., Hyde Park, W.2
Do. - The Hotel Vandyke, Cromwell Road, S.W.7
Do. - West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do. - Wilton H., Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth - Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - Imperial Hotel
Lundin Links, Fife Lundin Links Hotel
Lyme Regis - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - Pitt House Hotel
Do. - Stile House Hotel
Do. - The Bay Hotel
Lytham - Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead - Skindles Hotel
Do. - Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone - Royal Star Hotel
Manchester - Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts Midland Hotel
Matlock - Rockside Hydro
Minehead - Kingsway Pte. Hotel
Moretonhampstead Manor House Hotel
Morthoe - Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn Victoria Hotel
Newquay - Atlantic Hotel
Do. - St. Rumon's Hotel
Do. - Hotel Victoria
North Berwick Marine Hotel
Northampton Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham - The County Hotel
Do. - The George Hotel
Oban - Great Western Hotel
Do. - Station Hotel
Oxford - Randolph Hotel
Paignton - Paignton Palace H.
Do. - Paignton Hydro
Do. - Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr Grand Hotel
Penrith - Ullswater Hotel
Perth - Station Hotel
Petersfield - Fern Bank Pte. H.
Portheawl - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M. Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey) Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks) The King's Head Hotel
Ripon - Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down) Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews - Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea Grand Hotel
St. Ives - Tregenna Castle H.
St. Leonards-on-Sea Alexandra Hotel
Do. - Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots - Bridge Hotel
Do. - New Inn Hotel
Salisbury - Angel Hotel
Do. - Old George Hotel
Do. - The White Hart H.
Sandown, I.W. Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough - Manor Private Hotel
Do. - Pavilion Hotel
Seaton - Royal Clarence H.
Sevenoaks - Heathfield Private H.
Do. - "Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon) Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin - Channel View Hotel
Sheffield - Albany Hotel
Do. - Angel Hotel
Do. - Grand Hotel
Sidmouth - Belmont Hotel
Do. - Fortfield Hotel
Do. - Torbay View Hotel
Do. - Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth Grange Hotel
Do. - "Aberdalgie"
Southport - Prince of Wales H.
Do. - Parry's Waverley H.
Southsea - Gladstone Hotel
Do. - Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold - The Swan Hotel
Staines - Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer - King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon Arden Hotel
Stroud - The Bear Inn
Do. - Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland - Palatine Hotel
Surbiton - Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton - Castle Hotel
Teignmouth - Beach Hotel
Do. - Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury - The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon) Rock House Private Hotel
Do. - Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern - Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay - Allerdale Hotel
Do. - Babbacombe Cliff H., Babbacombe
Do. - Babbacombe Glen H., Babbacombe
Do. - Dartmeet Private H., Belgrave Rd.
Do. - Grand Hotel
Do. - Haldon Manor H.
Do. - Hotel Hennapyn
Do. - Links H., Babbacm.
Do. - Livermead Cliff H.
Do. - Osborne Hotel
Do. - Palace Hotel
Do. - Palm Court Hotel
Do. - Roslin Hall Hotel
Do. - The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do. - The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do. - Victoria & Albert H.
Do. - White House Hotel
Troon - Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells Earl's Court Hotel
Do. - Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool - Royal Hotel
Uxbridge - Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor - Rocklands Private H., St. Lawrence
Do. - Royal Hotel
Do. - Royal Marine Hotel
Waltham Cross Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick - Lord Leycester H.
Wellington, Somerset Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare Cairo Pte. H., Ltd.
Do. - Crosby Hall Hotel
Do. - Royal Pier Hotel
Do. - Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay - Waverley Hotel
Winchester - Talbot Hotel
Windermere - Belsfield Hotel
Do. - Low Wood Hotel
Windsor - The Old House H.
Woolacombe - Whin Bay Hotel
Do. - Woolacombe Bay H.
Worthing - Steyne Hotel

# TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

## Answers to Enquirers

**E., Ireland** (Algiers, Tangier).—We advise you not to pay less than 50 francs a day for your accommodation in Algiers (Hotel Olivage). If you particularly want good bathing you would do better to go to Tangier, where at the Hotel Bristol you would get terms from 9s. per day. The Nederland Lloyd runs the only regular service from Southampton to Algiers, the return second class fare being £15. The return second class fare from Southampton to Tangier by Rotterdam Lloyd is £12.

**T., Glasgow** (Spain).—Pontevedra is a small town situated in a delightful position between La Coruña and Vigo. At the Hotel Moderno there you would get *en pension* terms from 9 to 18 pesetas per day. If you should return from Spain by rail you might like to spend a few days at Zarauz, a small town on the coast near San Sebastian where, at the Hotel Eguzky, you would get terms from 9 to 18 pesetas per day.

**M., Cornwall** (Italy).—You would find the Hotel Ludovisi, via Liguria, in Rome, most comfortable. Terms are quoted from 45 to 60 lire per day. There is a regular boat service between Naples and Capri, the crossing taking 1½ hours. We can recommend the Hotel International at Capri with daily terms from 35 to 50 lire per day. For an early spring holiday we would suggest Amalfi, and not Sorrento, as the latter town faces north, while Amalfi faces south. You would find the Hotel Santa Caterina at Amalfi comfortable, with terms from 32 to 54 lire per day.

**C., Fife** (Canary Isles).—There is an 18-hole golf course at Las Palmas in Grand Canary. The Hotel Metropole there (terms from 15s. 6d. per day) is situated on the sea front, while the golf course is about a quarter of an hour from the hotel. You would find *Brown's Madeira, Canary Islands, and Azores* a most comprehensive guide to the Canary Islands. It is published by Messrs. Simpkin Marshall, price 7s. 6d.

**P., Kent** (Gibraltar).—The Nippon Yusen Kaisha Line runs a very good and comfortable service to Gibraltar. There are fortnightly sailings from London, the return second class fare being £11. These tickets are available for return by the boats of the Anchor Line. The Henderson Line also runs a fortnightly service from Liverpool to Gibraltar, the tickets being interchangeable with the Anchor Line and the Rotterdam Lloyd Line boats.

**P., Malta** (French Riviera).—The Villa Pension Charlotte in Monte Carlo quotes terms from 30 to 45 francs per day. You could also stay at the Hôtel des Étrangers for from 40 francs per day. At Saint Tropez the Fernande Pensions and the Augier Pensions both quote terms from 30 francs per day.

## Hints for Travellers

### FLYING WITHOUT PASSPORTS.

The decision, recently reached by the British and French authorities, that air passengers making week-end trips between London and Paris will no longer require passports should have a considerable effect, particularly during the summer months, in stimulating aerial traffic between the two capitals. Week-end tickets at reduced rates will be available, and passengers will be able to leave London or Paris on a Friday, without passports, returning any time up to the following Tuesday.

*Correction.*—The cost of the ticket for the Fascist Exhibition in Rome is about 8s. (25 lire), and not 25s., as we stated in error in the Travel Notes of the Week column in THE SPHERE for January 20. This is, of course, a material difference. This ticket entitles the holder to the 70 per cent. reduction which the Italian State Railways are granting on return tickets to Rome for the Fascist Exhibition, which will remain in force until April 21.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *February* 3, 1934. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.